







---

# CIVILIZATION.

---

---

---

London . Printed by C. Roworth.  
Bell-yard, Temple bar.

---

---

**CIVILIZATION ;**  
**OR**  
**THE INDIAN CHIEF.**

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

“ By whatever instrument Piety is advantaged, use that, though thou grindest thy spears and arrows at the *forges* of the Philistines.”—BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

---

---

**VOL. I.**

---

---

**LONDON :**

**PRINTED FOR T. EGERTON, WHITEHALL.**

---

**1818.**



# CIVILIZATION



## CHAPTER I.

AN itinerant tribe of Iroquois Indians was encamped on the banks of Lake Ontario.

Tawtongo, their chief, distinguished for his attachment, and staunch alliance to the British, had assumed a central position, whence he might speedily join his confederates in the event of a war, then confidently expected.

Tedious procrastination, and uncertainty respecting the issue of repeated negotiations between their allies and the enemy, had exhausted the patience of the impetuous warriors, panting with savage ferocity for bloodshed; and



a wild cry of joy resounded through their camp at the sight of a canoe, in which they descried an European, rapidly approaching the banks of the lake. "Behold," they cried in one voice, "the white man coming to tell us we may offer the red hatchet (1) of destruction to his foes."

The elder warriors crowded round Tawtongo, prepared for the council they expected would be called; while the less experienced rushed towards the creek, which the canoe had now gained, and where they felt assured of greeting the messenger who would inform them that their exertions were required. But their hearts beat slower, with suspended hope, when they gained a nearer view of the stranger, and they said, doubtingly to each other,— "Why is he not clothed in the garb of war?—why do not his red habit and shining ornaments display the badges

(1) Refer to notes at the end of vol. 1.

of his tribe, and shew him to be of the nation of the lion (2) and the unicorn, our friends and allies?—Why is his visage pale, like the moon (3) under a thin grey cloud, and why is his gait irregular, and fearful, as the wounded Elk, who would fly to the forest but his strength fails him?”

The European no sooner stepped on shore, than the canoe was pushed off again by an Indian at the paddles, and the stranger advanced towards the disappointed band, who were little disposed to receive him with courtesy; being now convinced that he was neither an ambassador, nor an emissary from the British forces. Though the stranger's aspect was neither bold nor warlike, his countenance denoted intrepid composure, as he cast his eyes upon the Indians, and addressed them in a language which some among them knew to be English, though they could not fully comprehend it, and their sullen features relaxed at the

sound. Though not an express messenger, he might perhaps bring them intelligence of some interest, and they hastened to conduct him to their chief. The significant shake of their heads, and subsequent nods, and corresponding gesticulations, as they crowded round him, and hurried him forward, convinced the stranger that he was not understood, and led him to conclude that they were conducting him to some person who would be able to comprehend his language. His inference was just,—indeed, the animated gestures of these sons of nature, dictated by her genuine impulse, could rarely lead astray any but the least intelligent;—the stranger was not of that description.

He soon found himself in the presence of Tawtongo, who displayed a figure so striking, as easily to be distinguished as the chief of those who surrounded him. He was naturally of a stature exceeding the common height

of his tribe, and the variegated plumes that adorned his head, presenting a brilliant assemblage of colours, to which were added ornaments of divers descriptions, augmented considerably the majesty of his figure. His vestments were few, for it was the hottest season of the year, but their scanty extent was curiously wrought with shells, beads, and porcupines quills. His ears were slit (4) and twisted round with golden wire, and his countenance painted so grotesquely, as to render it impossible to determine whether he had any claim to beauty; near him might be seen his tomahawk, his hatchet, and his scalping knife. His bow, with which he had been amusing himself, he still held in his hand, and reclined on it in an attitude of expectation, awaiting the approach of the stranger—a bundle of arrows lay at his feet.

Tawtongo was not destitute of education, (5) but choice had recalled him

to his native wilds, after having gained a slight portion of improvement in the seats of civilization. He was acquainted with the English tongue, and addressed the stranger in these words :—  
 “ For what cause have you sought us? come you to tell us that the war-cry has already sounded amongst our enemies, and calls us to wreak our vengeance on their devoted heads? Or, would you say—how far less welcome!—that the calumet of peace (6) must be re-lighted, and that our arrows and our knives must turn harmless from our foes, and exercise themselves ingloriously on the beasts of the forest?”

The stranger, whose sunken eyes were languidly fixed on the face of Tawtongo, and who appeared to require the strong excitement of so novel and imposing an object, to give him power to raise them, simply replied,—“ I am not the bearer of *any* intelligence.”

Tawtongo looked displeased ; he

repeated the substance of the stranger's words to the surrounding multitude, and a general murmur ensued; the stranger resumed—"I have no claim to your protection, but as the countryman of your ally."—"You are safe," returned Tawtongo, "but why have you sought our tribe?—whence do you come? and what do you require of us?"

"Permission to dwell among you!"—faintly replied the stranger. Astonishment sealed the lips of Tawtongo for a few moments, during which the Englishman drew from beneath his habit some presents of a description most valued by the Indians, and laid them at the feet of Tawtongo, supplicating only for a drop of water, for he was overpowered with excess of heat, fatigue, and misery. Tawtongo surveyed the offering with complacency, and bade a slave (7) supply the white man with all that he required; but his curiosity was not easily appeased, and while he permitted the

stranger to sit and refresh himself, he continued to question him—

“ But what has brought you to our camp ? ”—

“ Inclination.”

“ Whence come you ? ”—

“ From the Lake.”

“ How !—many lakes, and rivers and great seas, divide us from your country, and many moons (8) would it take us to reach it—tell us whence you come, that we may know how to call you ? ”—

“ I have already said I am an Englishman.”—

“ But you have not told us the name by which we may speak of you to each other, or call you from afar.—You have not spoken the name of the old man who called you his son, or of the woman his wife—white men are known by the name of their kindred.”

“ I have no name, no kindred—Give me a name of your own, that shall sound as if I were one of you ? ”—

“ Our names are often gained by

our actions : or if the Great Spirit has frowned upon us, and we can count no scalps on our war clubs, (9) we are called by the name of our mother, for we are then more like women than men, or sometimes the accidents of our birth distinguish us."

" You saw me come from the Lake," cried the stranger with melancholy wildness, " it gave me birth among you, then call me *Ontario*."

" Ontario then thou shalt be called, till thine own actions gain thee a better name. Thy hair bears not the snow of ages, and thy aspect is like the sun shorn of its beams by winter clouds—but say, canst thou wield the weapons of destruction? thou wouldst be like us—but thou art a stranger to the might of the tomahawk, or the force of the hatchet.—Could that weak arm bend the tough bow? or could those trembling fingers link themselves in the bristling hair of thy convulsed and dying enemy, or that nerveless



hand expertly strip off the shrinking scalp, and raise aloft the bloody trophy with cries of triumph?"—

Savage fierceness glared in the eyes of the Indian, as with astonishing celerity, he seized and brandished the different weapons his words referred to, displaying all their capabilities by his actions, and presenting to the view of the Englishman the personification of an infernal spirit, rather than a human being. The stranger shaded his countenance with his hand to conceal its expression of disgust, but it had not escaped Tawtongo, whose features relaxed from ferocity to contempt, as he continued—"Your effeminate eyes would turn with loathing from scenes that fill our breasts with exultation and delight. You would *fly*, and seek concealment like the timid hart, while we rushed on like lions, scorning danger, torture, and death, in the pursuit of vengeance."

"I could scorn death in any shape

as well as you," said the stranger firmly, " though I should perhaps be awkward at inflicting it, but my present object is to dwell with you in peace."

" Are you a priest, Ontario?" interrogated Tawtongo, " there are some holy men who have appeared amongst our tribes, teaching the religion of the cross. When I was with the nations of the white men, they told me about the great book, and the blessed man that has always the glory of the sun shining round about his head, and who came down from the good spirit to teach us and make us good, and went back again that we might follow him; and I liked all this, and said I would be one of his people, but they told me I must spare my enemies, and then I would not be a Christian. But if *you* are a priest, Ontario, you can perhaps tell me how to be a Christian without sparing my enemies, and then I will be one."

“ I am no priest,” returned Ontario, “ but I am a *Christian*, and can tell you that in being such, I am bound to spare my enemies. Were it *not* so, there are those on this earth which should not long encumber it.”

A transient flash animated the stranger's eye as he spoke the concluding words: it quickly subsided, and he fell into a fit of abstraction,—he heard not the Indian's soliloquy, which was expressed in a tone of regret.

“ Then Tawtongo thou canst *never* be a Christian! Thou couldst fast as many sleeps (10) as the priest should require of thee—thou couldst scourge thy body, thou couldst mortify thy flesh, thou couldst put away all thy wives, and look no more on the face of a squaw, thou couldst throw away thy manitous (11) and pray only to the new Great Spirit, thou couldst give the best part of thy roasted squirrel to thy sick brother, thou couldst feed the poor white man, and shelter him

in thy wigwam, thou couldst love,  
thou couldst fight, thou couldst *die*  
for thy friend, but thou couldst *never*  
spare thy enemy."



## CHAPTER II.

ONTARIO continued in a posture of deep meditation, forcibly affected by the contemplation of a faith, which had first shed that exquisite beam of illumination on the human mind that displayed the dark guiltiness of revenge, and had sacrificed it to universal philanthropy. "Am I a Christian?" he mentally repeated. The question rested on his mind, over which "winters of memory seemed to roll." They left it chilled, blighted, scathed, and with a sigh of mingled anguish, and self-reproach, he thought "How *dare* I call myself a Christian?" He felt that there existed those, whose wretchedness would make his joy ; true, but they had injured him. That answer would have suited Tawtongo, but could never be acknowledged by a Christian heart.

The Indian Chief narrowly observed the Englishman's demeanor. By a species of instinctive penetration, the offspring rather of sympathy than of experience, he fancied he could interpret his feelings, and the inference he drew from their operations on his countenance was natural. He believed that the stranger had been guilty of some crime which compelled him to seek refuge in exile, from the laws of his country ; but Tawtongo's morality was not of a description to render him on that account less friendly to his guest. On the contrary, he felt his own consequence rise at the conviction that *he* had the power of extending a protecting arm to the delinquent. He concluded that his misdemeanor did not exceed the murder of a foe, the assassination of a rival, or the immolation of a faithless wife ; all mere peccadillo's in the Indian's estimation, and his feelings enlisted themselves on the side of Ontario, as he considered him suffering

from the injustice of laws, so *severe* and *unreasonable*. He attributed Ontario's professions of Christian mercy towards his enemies, to a design of sheltering his real character, and quelling a suspicion of the nature of his crime; but that he *was* criminal, Tawtongo questioned not, and felt drawn nearer to him by that persuasion. This *favourable* sentiment operated in extraordinary courtesy towards his guest; he ordered that a wigwam should be constructed for his accommodation, and every indulgence afforded him that their confined resources could furnish. But these Ontario required not, he had quarrelled with luxury, civilization, and refinement. He despised the blooming flowers of cultivation, because some weeds might grow up with them. It seemed indeed as if he preferred the roughest wilds, where nettles, thorns and briars, interminably twine, but where at least he felt secure that no deception lurked,

for nothing *could* promise less. In seeking the Indians his design was to avoid every thing that he had known before, or even the resemblance of objects, connected with such a loathsome train of feelings, as rendered their every association disgusting. He sought new scenes, new customs, and a new description of beings, to populate this new hemisphere; which rose in his estimation in proportion as it differed from that which he had forsaken.

He was not content with dwelling among the Indians, and *seeming* what he *was*, but he must in outward appearance become one of them. He adopted their habit, he stained his complexion to make it resemble their copper colour, he endeavoured to attain their language, to imitate their manners, and conformed himself to their principal customs, in every thing short of their religious rites. But these were few, and simple, and less glaringly



absurd than those of many savage tribes. Ontario had many reasons, or at least *motives* which he thought *reasonable*, for pursuing this eccentric line of conduct, even to minute particulars. His inclinations would have prompted him to seek, and attach himself to a more remote horde of Indians, whose local situation rendered it less probable that any European should penetrate to their abodes, and who had less communication with the civilized world; but his anxiety to adopt the mode of life he imagined most consonant to his feelings, and the amicable disposition of the tribe he had first encountered, determined him to remain with them. He assumed their habit in order, in the first place, to evade the detection of his countrymen, should any wander to the camp, or the chance of war bring them together, and thus he sheltered himself from the curiosity and comments his appearance, as an European, under such circumstances, would ex-

cite—and secondly, he felt a species of satisfaction in thus arraying himself, as he could then, as he mournfully considered, wander along the margin of the lake, and gaze on the clear surface without beholding the reflection of a figure, which could remind him he had ever borne any other name than Ontario. He should only see the Indian in “his blanket tied with yellow strings,” whose appearance, little interesting, could arouse no distracting recollections. The object was new, as the ideas it was calculated to excite in a mind which dared not look backward, and could only endure to contemplate futurity, as it promised a total dissimilarity to the past.

He took a lively interest in all that concerned the Indians, their customs and their way of life ; and consequently attained a high degree of favor and consideration among them. They were flattered by such an uncommon evidence of their *superiority* over the more

enlightened nations of the earth, which though they never doubted it themselves, they had never before seen attested, by the indubitable proof displayed, in an European voluntarily enrolling himself among them. They delighted in astonishing him with the representation of their grandest ceremonies, and impressing him with an elevated opinion of their power, strength, and valour. With this object, they performed their war dance, (12) assuring him it was wholly for his entertainment. They approached him from a distance with yells and cries, halting occasionally, then dancing onward to the music of their chichicoes, drums, &c. They were hideously painted, black and red, and armed most formidably—having reached him, they continued their dance, singing at the same time the heroic exploits of their forefathers, and their superiority over every other race; at the end of each sentence, they struck their weapons

furiously together, and each as he passed Ontario, grinned horribly in his face ; some brandishing their scalping knives as if they would have performed their appointed service upon him.— Each individual then displayed himself singly ; and at the termination of every memorable action that he recounted, either of his own, or his ancestors, he violently struck his war club against a post, fixed in the centre of the circle for that purpose. But when they all again joined, the scene was well calculated to dismay any nerves but those too tightly strung by adversity, to be susceptible of the vibrations of horror. Armed with their sharp knives, they whirled themselves into every possible posture of attack, and flew round each other, momentarily threatening an incision on the supposed adversary, a peril which he evaded with astonishing dexterity. The effect of the whole was completed by the accompanying yells, and appalling war-whoop, and could

produce no other impression on a civilized and *healthy* mind, than that the population of the infernal regions had furnished this band of infuriate demons. But to Ontario's wayward imagination there was something pleasing in this savage wildness, this native ferocity. It amazed by its striking effect, and interested his astonished feelings. It was *new*—it was *natural*—it spoke the energy of souls undisguised by art.—“Yes,” thought Ontario—“here the *real* feelings are revealed. These men detest their enemies, they thirst for their blood, and their every action denotes it; but we, who have not even the excuse of exasperated wrath to gloss our actions, march against our foes with cool composure. We profess to love those enemies for whose destruction we are laying the deepest plots, and when an *individual* falls into our power, we, with the affectation of humanity, treat him with tenderness; and the next hour fall upon his

countrymen glorying in the number we have slain. Oh! education, what dost thou make of us, but hypocrites, and slaves; teaching us only the arts of imposition, and the abject endurance of oppression !”

Some such reflections as these, never failed to follow all Ontario's observations on the peculiarities of the Indians: Did he witness their funeral rites, when lamentations and eries accompanied the body to the place of interment, where an eulogy was pronounced upon it, and the greatest part of its property devoted to sharing its decay; and did he subsequently attend the feast in which was lost all remembrance of grief, he would exclaim—“ Here again how triumphant is nature! These simple beings make no pretence to permanence of sorrow, which they feel not, and which is buried with the object that excited it! They have no guileful “ *decencies of grief* ” demanding an appropriate quantum of sighs and tears! They pay

the most reasonable tribute to the virtues of the deceased, by devoting to destruction the property they feel inadequate to console them for his loss—while *we* sanction the farce, and mockery of grief, by selecting the wealthy heir to represent *chief mourner*, and force crocodile drops to complete the imposture.—”

When he perceived the Indians returning from the chase, which had furnished them with food, he would think—“ Behold the excuse for his persecution of his prey.—*We*, pampered sons of luxury, have no excitement, but the vile pleasure of tormenting and destroying.”

This was more just than the reflection which he made upon contemplating the sleeping Indian, who, as often from indolence, as from fatigue, fell into forgetfulness whenever he was wholly unemployed:—“ Yes ! *now*,” thought Ontario—“ Thou art *harmless*, thou no sooner ceasest to be usefully

engaged than thou resignest thyself to a state which can neither injure thyself, nor others. *Our* leisure hours are special offerings to vice, and dissipation; or, by those who account themselves most rational, are often devoted to the discoveries of science, or dissemination of knowledge, which make the misery of mankind."

He regarded, with peculiar complacency, their treatment of their women, who are considered by them as beings of an inferior order, created merely for the service of man, subservient to all his caprices, and appointed to the most abject employments, for his convenience.—"Here they are in their right places," thought Ontario, "dependent, industrious, faithful creatures; patterns of conjugal love, and maternal affection. What does education make of *them* but tyrants and deceivers? Admit their power over you, but in the slightest degree, and you become a slave! intrust them with your hap-



piness, and you are made a wretch !  
 Man's mind is only an instrument for  
 them to play on, and his heart the toy  
 which, when gained, loses all its value,  
 and is thrown away, or broken."

Yielding to the feelings that ever attended these reflections, he would seek the forest, though *far* he dared not penetrate, for the distant howl, or louder roar, of its ferocious tenants, warned him from their domain ; which, together with the discordant screams, of thousands of inharmonious birds, the unparalleled croaking of innumerable frogs (13), formed a din of horror well calculated to distract the steadiest brain. But perhaps Ontario's was not of that description, for the wildness of those scenes and sounds was grateful to him, and though in universal discord to each other, they formed a diapason to his feelings, in favour of rude and uncultivated nature.

## CHAPTER III.

WEEKS passed away, and grew to months ; while Ontario became, as it were, an initiated Indian, and thought he had nothing more to learn of a people, he imagined himself thoroughly acquainted with. The expected war had not ensued ; the immediate probability of it had subsided ; and the season was approaching, when the Indians repaired to the regions most abounding with the objects of their chase. Let us observe Ontario now that habit had destroyed the novelty of his situation, and familiarity superseded the effects of astonishment. Somewhat of compassion might be detected in his feelings concerning his associates, for whom he felt a species of attachment, and he oftener found himself exclaiming “ *poor creatures* ” than “ *happy* ”

creatures," as he was, at first, wont to designate them. But *why* this sentiment of commiseration? He did not ask himself: neither did he analyze the sensation that often heaved his bosom with a sigh, as he contemplated the active limbs, and keen sagacious eyes, of many among them, which brought forcibly to his mind the line

*"Vainly intelligent, and idly strong."*

He was not conscious of the principle that aroused this reflection, which was still more plainly evinced in his treatment of a child of Tawtongo, from whom he sometimes endeavoured to derive entertainment. But in what did that entertainment consist? He continually found himself trying to teach it something, and experiencing peculiar gratification, when it betrayed any acuteness of intellect; while, on the contrary, he was impatient, and felt his interest for it decrease, when it was dull, and inattentive. Yet "why," he might have asked himself, "did he

wish to arouse it from a state of ignorance, which, according to his professed opinion, was to shelter it from so many miseries?" But this inquiry he overlooked. It was in reality the instinct of an enlightened mind, which shed its rays about him, nor could withhold a certain portion of illumination from the objects opposed to it: but the beams played upon opaque bodies, which gave no admission to their scintillations.

Renewed strength of nerve had refreshed the vigour of Ontario's mind: he became tired of inaction, for he could not sleep like the Indians in the hours of leisure; and the uninterrupted indulgence of reflection, deprived of all stimulus to inquiry and research, was perfectly intolerable.

He regretted that a war had not been declared; he could then have fought with the Indians in the British cause; he should have fallen, or the valour of his actions would have given, at least, *one* interest to life. He rejoiced that

the tribe was about to remove, as *change* would be the result ; but he had neither taste for, nor skill in the pursuit, which was to engage them for the next few months, nor could he support the fatigue it would expose him to. The ferocious persecution of brutes, little more savage than their destroyers, was a cast of the horrible, for which he had no taste, and the destruction of the gentle, and the harmless, was still more repugnant to his feelings.

Ontario was formed for civilized, refined, domestic life ; his imagination was romantic, and enthusiastic. His passions were violent, his feelings uncontrollable, or at least *uncontrolled* : his sense of injuries acute to the last degree, and his dread of the world's contempt, the strongest bias of his mind ; and though he professed to despise that world, yet it could raise in him " emotions both of rage and fear." He had seen but twenty-five years : nature had been bountiful to him, for-

tune had been lavish, prosperity had promised every thing, which adversity had subsequently denied.

Tawtongo had announced, that the travelling moon (October) was approaching, and, according to their custom, had issued his invitations to all those who should choose to accompany him on the expedition, which, in previous councils, had been determined on, and arranged. And now all those who had resolved to join it, prepared themselves, by fasts of the most rigorous nature, abstaining even from satisfying their thirst by a single drop of water for several days. This abstinence was preserved, in order, as they alleged, to give perfect freedom to their dreams, in which they were to be informed of the chief resort of their prey, and at the same time, by their rigid mortification, they hoped to avert the displeasure of Matchi Manitou, their evil spirit. When the fast was terminated, a feast was given by Taw-

tongo, at which dog's flesh was the favourite *dainty*. The chief entertained his guests with rehearsing the feats of those who had been most successful in the chase, and, judging only by the *theme*, Ontario might have fancied himself again at a convivial meeting in his native country ; but here the subject inspired less disgust : it was one of great and natural interest to those who connected with it the means of existence. When also he beheld the Indians lying about him, in the most degrading state of inebriety, he would think, " Well, ye have not lost many degrees of your being. Ye are little inferior to your natural state, which offers some excuse for your brutality. The bright intelligence of intellect, the refined fruits of cultivation, the chaste decencies of a purified mind, are not sacrificed in this immolation of reason. She is not subdued with all her brilliant attributes shining around her, to make her degradation more conspicuous."

## CHAPTER IV.

THE march of the Indians commenced. Ontario had now to learn what real hardship was. The excess of the summer's heat, and the fluctuations of autumn, were succeeded by heavy falls of snow, forming regions of impenetrable ice. Continual exertion seemed the only means of preserving animal heat above the freezing point, and such exertion Ontario soon found himself unequal to. There was not a squaw in the tribe that could not bear the cold better than he did, or who, after the toil of a day's journey, performed with her child strapped on a board hanging at her back, (she being otherwise loaded like a pack-horse,) (14) could not exert herself to prepare food for the men, with whose brisk pace she had kept up



during the whole day; without expressing a murmur, or evincing any inconvenience. On the other hand, Ontario, with nothing to carry but the load of furs, by which he endeavoured to fence himself from the cold, was so completely exhausted, before they rested to repose, as to be nearly incapable of any further exertion. Yet he was not an effeminate man, and could have endured fatigue, of the nature he was accustomed to, better perhaps than many of his countrymen; but the inclemency of the weather, and the extraordinary, and unnatural motion, requisite to impel his progress in the snow-shoes, which he found it necessary to adopt, produced a consequent lassitude, which became daily less supportable.

He soon perceived that this incapacity rendered him an object of derision to the Indians: the women ridiculed him openly, and offered to bear him along amongst them, and even rudely

and forcibly attempted to carry him, compelling him to prove, to their great astonishment, that he had strength enough left to extricate himself from them with demonstrations of a sensation, not very flattering to their copper-coloured charms. This increased his growing disgust. “ Mere physical strength,” thought he, “ even to the highest degree in which man can exercise it, still leaves him far behind the brute in that particular. All distinctions in the scale of beings, must be estimated by the standard of mental gradations.

When I gaze around on the expanse of an immeasurable horizon, and look above to the incalculable height of the heavens, and then turn my eye upon the atom *man*, and think that this disproportioned extent was meant for *his* habitation, for *his* empire, I am compelled to seek for some internal source of his influence, which can have no relation to his insignificant form. I

discover it in the ethereal qualities of his mind, for the exercise of which, no scope is too vast, no space too extensive." Thus did Ontario's imagination commence war against his *professed* taste, presenting to him the suggestions of a correct mind, in opposition to the caprices of a wayward judgment. But now the experience of every day, and the scenes that he witnessed, scarcely permitted him to resist conviction. Disinclined, and indeed unable to join in the pursuit which had attracted the Indians to the wilds they had now reached, he remained with the women and children, among the wretched hovels they had constructed for their temporary accommodation, on the borders of an almost impervious forest. He had exercised his ingenuity in endeavours to form for himself a somewhat more comfortable habitation, but had not been very successful. Tawtongo seemed to regard him with a species of compassion; but

pitied him more for his want of taste for the amusements from which they derived so much gratification, than for the misery it was obvious he laboured under; and ere Tawtongo left him, he addressed to him the following consolatory speech; the *loan* it proffered was no *uncommon* proof of friendship among the Indians.

“ You, unhappy white man, are denied the pleasures that are in store for us;—*you* cannot taste the joy that we feel, when we at length surprise the bear in his hollow tree, or trace him to his den,—or when we behold the buffalo foaming with terror at the flames which we kindle to frighten him into our toils. His fury and his wounds would dismay *you*, and he would turn on you and trample you to death. *You* cannot rejoice in the success of the wily scheme to deceive the quick-eyed beaver, and prevent his escape to the neighbouring lake; *you* would rather he should find shelter

in his dam,—for you have the heart of a deer, and would fly from danger yourself, nor feel delight in attacking others. Poor white man! you have my compassion, and I will smoke a calumet of peace with you before I go, and pray that the Great Man, whose habitation is above the sun, may keep you from the evil spirits, and give you all the blessings of life, gin, tobacco, and succatosh, of which I will leave you a supply; and that your wigwam may not be solitary, I will leave you the best of my wives, Kitayan, and she shall be yours till my return. If you give me a boy it shall be as my own, and if a girl, its mother shall give it juice of herbs and make it sleep for ever, and save her from misfortune. But what ails you, Ontario? your cheek is of the hue of snow, and the lines of your face as if tears would turn to icicles in their furrows? And why do you look away from me, as the dying stag averts his

eyes from the weapon that would pierce him?"

For a few moments, Ontario spoke not. This speech from the Indian chief had given the death blow to the Englishman's predilection in favour of savage life. He shuddered and sickened at the brutal import of his words, and could not immediately reply. At length, he said, "I am a solitary being, Tawtongo, and have no taste for a companion. Loneliness is congenial to me; my wigwam would be odious to me, were I obliged to share it with any one. But I am fully sensible of what I owe to your friendship."

Tawtongo looked at him as if he thought the contrary, as he made this apostrophe to the charms of his favourite.

"My Kitayan is lovely as the opening of a summer morning, her complexion is like the golden streak of dawn, half shaded by the retiring cloud of night,—her eyes are like the

first stars of evening, and her flesh soft as the marten's skin. Her bosom is like the dark heaving waves of the lake after a storm,—her breath sweet as the most exquisite fumes of tobacco,—and the touch of her lips has the intoxicating charm of brandy itself. Were she faithless to me, without my *command*, I would punish her crime with death, but, in friendship and hospitality, I would lend her to you, ungrateful Ontario! But the white man is like the snow in more things than his colour, he is as cold, and as often changes his surface."

Ontario found it difficult to restore Tawtongo's good humour, and thoroughly to regain his good will, but he finally succeeded, and they smoked the pipe of peace together, previous to his departure,—a ceremony, which nothing but the desire of proving his pacific disposition could have tempted Ontario to join in. When left to himself, he indulged a new train of ideas,—

“ Wretched race of degraded beings,” thought he, “ loathsome libels upon human nature! surely, it is not thus that ye come from the hands of your Creator, or why should ye bear the *form* of man,—how far more meet to be the companions of brutes.

“ These savage wilds which ye frequent, the desolating influence of barren objects upon the mind, the total absence of every excitement to intellectual effort,—it is these which leave ye thus dead to the nature, the ambition, the effects of virtue and morality.” Ontario was then young in reasoning, but the train of his reflections was a thousand times interrupted by the intrusion of the simple words—“ Education, Christianity! *Civilization!*” He paid no attention to them at that time, and pursued his thoughts till he was lost in a wilderness of heterogeneous hypothesis, which brought him at length to the idea of Kitayan, and for a moment all his enthusiasm was



excited in favour of the sex so injured and degraded.

“Oh! that the lovely being, who was given as the sweetener of existence to man, the dearest treasure of his soul, the angel of life, of love, and ecstasy, should be reduced to the last stage of depravity by the monster born for her protection, that *he* should instigate her to the most deadly crimes, and prompt her to be the murderess of her own offspring. Oh! Heaven and earth! can ye witness such horrors, and not unite in one instantaneous conjunction to crush to atoms the infernal perpetrator!—But what have I said—*whose* cause am I advocating—in what deceptious light have I contemplated that ‘creature of earth’s mould,’ the very thought of whom has power to delude and blind my imagination. No, no, no; be there a purpose more fell, more dire, than man’s conception could ever form, ’tis woman who would project and accomplish it,—the emissary

of every evil which vindictive heaven could hurl on man, or on the world ! Surely, surely, we are deceived in our faith ; our fall must have preceded woman's birth, and she was given to us as the bitterest punishment for our disobedience, and to destroy for ever our Paradise on earth."—

Such was Ontario's rhapsody.



## CHAPTER V.

WHAT a season did that which ensued prove to Ontario! His sight unveiled to an unprejudiced view of the objects which surrounded him, and every day presenting scenes, and transactions which increased his disgust, he soon quarrelled as violently with savage life, as he had with civilized society; yet his indignation against the latter was not appeased; so that he seemed alone in the creation,—the whole population of the universe being alike hateful to him. Still he felt there was no price above what he would delight to give, for the sight of a congenial being, but *that* human nature could never afford,—no, there existed not *one* who could comprehend his feelings, who would experience an interest in his

sufferings, — whom his heart must acknowledge to be of his own species.

He would now turn eremite; he would seclude himself alike from every created being,—he would be, as he felt, *alone* on earth!

The thought was grateful to his dreary mind, and he cherished it, frequently wandering for miles in search of an appropriate cave, or picturesque spot, where he might fix his anchorite's dwelling. But the season of the year was unfavourable to such a project, every cavity was filled with snow; the earth bore so little of its natural aspect, that it was impossible to judge what character the scenery might assume, when deprived of its winter disguise.

About this period, as Ontario was meditating in his wigwam, he was aroused by the cry of the women from without, who called upon him to come forth. He had found it necessary to adopt secure measures to prevent their continually intruding upon him, but he

now gave them admission, and several rushed in; some denoting terror, others with the important and eager aspect of those who have something extraordinary to communicate. They all addressed him at once, each struggling to be foremost, and those who could not succeed, projecting their heads over the shoulders of the others. It was some time before the confusion of voices would permit him to understand the nature of their intelligence. He at length gathered, that some white men were hovering about the village, that the few male Indians, chiefly old and infirm, who remained behind the hunting party, were gone to ascertain their purpose, and had sent the women to request him to come and hold "a talk" with the strangers. This information once clearly gained, Ontario sprung up,—“Some *white* men! Europeans!”—Creatures of his own colour, speaking, perhaps, his own language.—Oh! what a sight, what a

sound!—Joy the most sudden and exquisite darted through his mind. He stopped not to marvel *why* the hope of seeing objects, he had voluntarily fled from, excited such emotions in his breast, nor to ascertain the force of habit in rendering dear familiar images,—but, springing forwards, he was in a few minutes among the crowd that surrounded some American traders, who, by a succession of accidents, had been detained beyond the season for performing their journeys, and being bewildered in their way, had deviated to the spot where they now found themselves. Having ascertained that they came with no hostile intention, the Indians were disposed to treat them with hospitality, but no one made them so welcome as Ontario. His tongue seemed suddenly unchained, for his taciturnity was succeeded by an eager disposition to converse: he forgot the garb in which he had disguised himself, and the pains he had taken to

assume the appearance of an Indian, which, at first, deceiving the traders, excited their astonishment at his language and address. But speedily recognizing him for a native of some other region, they concluded he was a criminal whom necessity had condemned to exile. They entered freely into conversation with him, for their familiarity with scenes of atrocity, which they so often witnessed among the Indians, had deadened that abhorrence of guilt which would have made them "avoid even the garments infected by sin." When Ontario became sensible of the observation he must excite, it checked for a moment, his volubility; but on perceiving that, whatever their sentiments might be, the strangers denoted no curiosity concerning him, he recovered from his temporary embarrassment, and questioned them respecting the regions they had traversed and the objects of their research. But he found that gain was

their only aim, and after discoursing with them for some time, sudden languors succeeded to his animated feelings. He perceived that they were men of no education, that their knowledge consisted in a very imperfect idea of topography, and a crafty view of mercantile speculations.

He felt as if he had demeaned himself by his familiarity with them, and that it would have been more suitable to the dignity of his character, under his mysterious circumstances, to have secluded himself entirely from the gaze of strangers, whom he now felt inclined to add to the extensive number of his aversions. One of them, not doubting he was expressing feelings in unison with those of his auditor, informed him, that he had imbibed so strong a predilection for the manners and customs of a tribe of Indians, with whom his concern in the fur-trade had compelled him to reside for many years, that it was his intention to return, and



take up his abode among them. Ontario looked on him with compassion, concluding that the heaviest calamity alone could tempt him to such a measure; but when the trader declared that *choice* only, influenced him, Ontario's countenance assumed an expression of ineffable contempt.

“What must that man be,” thought he, “whose natural taste, and inclinations, lead him to associate with *such* companions, and derive enjoyment from the resources to be found among them? what a depraved mind must he possess who can endure to dwell in the region of tolerated crime! But, to *that* circumstance, it probably owes its charms in his estimation, or to the puerile vanity of being *first* amongst a set of wretches, who know no gradations but from depravity to blackest guilt!”

Now thoroughly displeased with the traders, he withdrew himself from them, and again longed for his hermitage. They remained but a few

hours in the village, and having procured guides to re-conduct them to the track they had lost, they proposed setting off again, previous to which, one, who appeared the superior among them, solicited an interview with Ontario, to which the latter reluctantly acceded, and received him alone in his wigwam. Ontario did not now give him much encouragement to be communicative, though the trader declared, with a friendly aspect, that what he had to impart was of the greatest importance to him, (Ontario).—He coldly replied, “ impossible ! I have not an interest in existence ! were every human being extirpated, and the world replunged into chaos, to me it could not be *important*.” His companion surveyed him with commiseration, and addressed him in a respectful tone, saying, “ I see Sir, you have been unfortunate, for I am sure you are a *gentleman*, as the manner in which’ you speak is not common amongst us. I begged leave

to intrude upon you merely to say, that if you choose to join our party, we shall be happy to have you for our companion, till we reach a place of safety, which I have reason to suppose you will not find among these Indians, in a very short time."

Ontario now regarded him with some surprise, and the trader continued—"I am placing full confidence in you, Sir, when I inform you that war is actually declared between the British and Americans—*which* of the two nations you may be a native of I know not, but if it is that to which the tribe of Indians you are with are hostile, your situation may be most perilous, and you may perhaps fall a victim to their fury against your nation, and the same fate might befall us if you were to betray us, before we were beyond their reach. Come with us, you may rely upon our friendship."

Ontario now expressed his gratitude to the trader though he did not comply with his proposal. He knew that Taw-

tongo's tribe was favourable to the English, and therefore he was free from any apprehension on his own account, but voluntarily promised, not to reveal what had been imparted to him from so compassionate a motive. He reproached himself for the general censure he had cast upon the traders, among whom an individual instance had so immediately occurred to rebuke his illiberality.

“ But,” thought he, “ this is not the man who said he should return to reside among the Indians; I certainly was justified in judging harshly of him.”

Whether he was justified in judging *harshly* of any one, would undoubtedly have admitted of a much longer debate, but he thought only of convincing the friendly trader of the sentiment his conduct had inspired. He bestowed on him presents of articles, valuable, where they were more rare than among the Indians, and they parted with mutual expressions of good will.

Ontario rejoiced at the intelligence he was left to ponder on. He beheld a scene opening before him, in which it was possible he might distinguish himself, and in which, at least, he should convince the Indians how thoroughly they had mistaken his character, in supposing it deficient in the courage peculiar to his sex, or that he had less intrepidity and ardour, on great occasions, than they displayed when less excited.

Though adhering strictly to the promise by which he had bound himself to conceal the important communication that had been made to him, he encouraged the old Indians to talk of their mode of warfare, and learnt from them some initiatory principles which he hoped would soon be called into practice, but spring was approaching, before messengers reached the tribe, from their allies, calling for active exertions.

## CHAPTER VI.

To the Indians, it was no difficult task to trace the course of Tawtongo, and his companions ; in this species of pursuit, they display extraordinary sagacity, tracking the objects of their search by marks imperceptible to Europeans. They were speedily successful, and in a few days the hunters were seen advancing towards the village, laden with their spoils.—Their wives and children went out to welcome their return, but were met with the greatest indifference, many of the men not deigning to cast a glance upon them. This disgusted Ontario, who had sought the scene, expecting to witness some lively demonstration of genuine feeling ; but, he observed, that for many hours after their arrival, an unsocial silence was preserved towards their

families, who only by slow degrees obtained the particulars of what had occurred during their absence. Ontario was forcibly struck with this contrast to the voluble reunion of affectionate persons, in civilized life.

Tawtongo immediately declared his intention of heading the war division, a post which the chief sometimes delegates to another. Having daubed himself with a black greasy ointment, or paint, he commenced his preparatory fast; during which he was supposed to hold communion with invisible spirits, and he disdained to converse with any human being. The customary probation ended, he assembled his warriors, and having a belt of Wampum (15) suspended in his hand, he addressed them thus;—

“ The great and eternal Giant, who will live for ever in his palace beyond the skies, still young, and fresh, as the opening blossoms of spring, when our bones are mingling their dust with

the snow,—He! the Invisible! Everlasting! has told me that the cause in which we raise the red hatchet, is a true and just one.—It is to revenge the death of our ancestors on a race against whom we vow eternal enmity.—Therefore have I determined to direct our footsteps through the war-path, to surprise these tigers in their dens, to number their scalps upon our clubs, to feast upon their flesh, and fatten our dogs upon their blood—and should we fall in this glorious pursuit, still greater happiness awaits us in those delightful gardens, behind the western mountains, where the storms of winter cannot reach us, and where fields of tobacco extend on every side, and we shall no more be obliged to buy it from white men, who have a different place allotted for them, while we shall be cherished and guarded by the spirit of the hills, and separated from our enemies by unfathomable rivers of pure whiskey. But to the chief survivor among us,



this belt shall belong, if he be careful to cover our ashes, and conceal them deep in the earth, from the tusk of the boar and the scent of the blood-hound. Before the month of plants (April) has left us, it shall see us face to face with our enemies."

At the conclusion of this speech, Tawtongo cast the wampum belt upon the ground, and the next in distinction to himself among the warriors took it up; an act which constituted him second in command. Tawtongo then underwent an ablution that cleansed him from his sable disguise, which however was immediately succeeded by another. Being previously anointed with bear's fat, he was smeared with red paint, disposed in such forms as were calculated to give him the most terrific aspect. He then exercised his lungs to their utmost force in singing, or rather *shouting*, the war song, and proclaiming his own valorous achievements. He was then joined by all the

other warriors, in adorations to the great spirit, to which succeeded dancing, such as they had once displayed for the gratification of Ontario ; and an intemperate feast closed the whole.

The most disgusting passage in Tawtongo's oration, lost some of its effect on Ontario, having been assured, when questioning the Indians on the subject, that though they often *talked of devouring* the flesh of their enemies, it was only a figurative style of conveying their detestation of them, which they very rarely *literally* fulfilled. Ontario was willing to believe this, from his anxiety to persuade himself that the scene he was about to mingle in, would be agreeable to the prevailing temper of his mind.

The days were now devoted to preparing for the intended march to the vicinity of their allies, and the nights were consumed in revelry. Their priests, who were also their doctors, busied themselves in compounding me-

dicines, balms, and styptics; extracted from herbs and roots, for the benefit of the wounded, on whom they generally produced all the influence which the strength of superstition could bestow; the Indians having little less veneration for their doctors, than for their gods, and being fully persuaded that they are endued with supernatural skill. The period of departure was only delayed till the sudden change of season, which had now converted mountains of snow into torrents of discoloured water, should admit of safely traversing the country. They then set forward laden with little to impede their progress, but presenting an appalling spectacle, to eyes unaccustomed to such objects: every warrior being smeared fantastically with black and red paint, and armed with a bow and arrow, a tomahawk, war club, and scalping knife. Ontario in all these particulars conformed himself to the exact representation of that which he

wished to be taken for ; concluding they should mingle continually with the British forces, and that he should be confronted with his countrymen, he was more than ever anxious to preserve a disguise, which he trusted would shelter him from the observation he must otherwise excite.

It was not long before he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that his design had succeeded, at least to a certain extent. He joined in several engagements, when the forces were combined, and remained perfectly secure from detection. It was not probable, that a simple individual, acting with many others, in obedience to the commands of a superior, should excite attention, or attract notice of any kind.—Yet there *were* those, by whom Ontario was never unheeded :—The keen eyes of Tawtongo, and many others of the tribe, who had doubted his intrepidity, marked him incessantly, and soon per-

ceived that none among them could face an enemy with more determined coolness, or close upon a foe more vigorously. He rose proportionably in their estimation, and Tawtongo seized the first opportunity of placing him in a distinguished post, but which had the disadvantage, as Ontario deemed it, of rendering him conspicuous. Still, for a while, the observation he excited, did not extend beyond the sphere of those already acquainted with his mysterious introduction among them: but as occasions occurred which afforded a display of his natural gallantry, and as he gained by degrees that ascendancy, which mental superiority irresistibly obtains, proving that personal exertion without it, is in most cases futile, his name began to echo through the tents of the Britons, and the question frequently recurred—"Who is this Ontario, whom the Indian chief Tawtongo so often refers to as a personage of

great importance? and where has he gained that species of knowledge which seems to place him above the others?"

Curiosity once excited, sought to be satisfied, and Ontario soon discovered that what he had so much dreaded had arrived. *He* could not be an object of observation, without being one of suspicion also; and it was evident, or at least *he* thought it plainly perceptible, that those of his countrymen, with whom he was sometimes unavoidably associated, beheld him with repulsive distrust. How galling was this conviction, how perfectly beyond endurance, but for the consciousness that it was undeserved! Yet Ontario, even with this persuasion, could not be callous to it, and he thought again of his hermitage, and almost resolved to fly for ever from mankind, on which he cast a censure, in this instance, unjust. It was reasonable to conclude that mystery, of so deep a cast as that which

enveloped him, veiled the truth from a light which it could not support.

But his project of total seclusion was still protracted by the influence of a new passion, which at that time possessed the place of many withered feelings in Ontario's bosom, feelings whose cold remains alone lay there. Ambition had given a new spring to his existence:—he would be *great*—he would be *distinguished*, spite of misfortune, or the poisoned dart of calumny. Already arrayed like a chief of the Indians, he was second only to Tawtongo; Tawtongo was disabled, and Ontario became *first*. He was now necessarily subject to continual intercourse with the British commanders, compelled to hold conferences with them, to receive their instructions, or impart the result of his own operations. On these occasions he endeavoured to assume the manners of the Indians, and imitate their mode

of expression. He was now perfectly acquainted with their language, and never spoke English when he could avoid it; if obliged, he affected an accent that rendered it dubious what country could claim him. But the measures he adopted for perfecting this deception, had sometimes a contrary effect.

---



## CHAPTER VII.

IN attempting to adhere to the figurative diction peculiar to the Indians, he often betrayed his superior knowledge. Reporting to a British general the escape of his party from the body of the enemy, subsequent particulars and the explosion of a magazine, Ontario thus expressed himself:—  
“ We lay concealed in the friendly shade of a stately forest, which, like the sanctuary that forbids the intrusion of a hostile arm, and preserves, from profanation and attack, him who clings to its sacred altar, secured us from our enemies, and thus in the natural temple of the Deity—the Great Spirit—we escaped the scourge of vengeance. When we emerged, the veil of night had descended, streaked with silvery beams and dotted with many a bril-

liant star, but they grew pale as the blanched cheek of envy, when the radiant moon spread a sheet of light over their impaired lustre. It was then that we detected the footsteps of our foes, like the traces of sin, only to be erased by the efforts of virtue—we were *her* delegates, *their* track was lost in *ours*. We hoped they would disperse in smaller bodies, which we might venture to attack ; we therefore cautiously pursued, meditating destruction—destruction ! man’s inheritance ! matured in his extinction here ! but *here* left for ever—eternal separation, formed by the gate of heaven !”

Ontario, in this sudden flight, had wandered from his point ; the surprise painted on the features of his auditors recalled his imagination from its lofty range, and with downcast eyes and some confusion he continued :—

“ With steps light as would have spared the heath-bell beneath them—with a stillness which would have left

unbroken the feverish slumber of the sons of luxury, and order that could not have injured the most cultivated scene that rises round the peaceful dwelling of industry and independence, we pursued our retiring foe. When suddenly a fiery flash, like the bursting flame of Stromboli, cast its red glare upon the blushing sky—and ere the gesture of amazement had yielded to recollection, the earth trembled beneath us, and a crash, as of contending elements, followed a concussion that seemed as if the stupendous laws of attraction at that instant had been cancelled, and commingled worlds had clashed in horrible conjunction.”

Again the curious eyes of the listeners caused Ontario to pause and check himself, and he finished his narration in language less inflated. His anxiety to load his style with metaphors, in imitation of the Indians, had thrown him into a predicament,

the consequences of which he had not foreseen. The cast of his own thoughts, the nature of his past studies, and the scenes most familiar to his mind, must naturally furnish the symbols, tropes and figures, emblematic of what he wished to represent, and inevitably betray their archetype; and while he flattered himself he had succeeded to perfection, the British commander was revolving in his mind the extraordinary oration he had been attending to. In *his* opinion it betrayed an expansion of thought, and an intimacy with themes, only common to an enlightened mind. In the former part there was a strong infusion of morality, evidently the growth of Christianity; and in the succeeding passages, the allusions to the "sons of luxury," the "scenes of cultivation," and, above all, the "dwelling of industry and independence."—What could an Indian chief know of all these; or of the "flames of Stromboli,"

or of the mighty " laws of attraction ?" No, no; here was evidence of not only a civilized, but cultivated mind, that bore a most distinct character from the wild images, or objects of nature, from which the Indians drew their metaphors, and to which they were always confined.

His eloquence on this occasion, and many similar flights of rhetoric, left it no longer doubtful that Ontario was a native of a different region, and that his association with the Indians had something mysterious in it. The more attention he attracted, the stronger were the suspicions to his disadvantage; and he soon found that all which fame could add to his name, would instantly sink beneath the infamy attached to it by slander—that mystery was incompatible with an elevated situation—that if the eyes of the multitude were attracted, their curiosity must be satisfied; and that *he* must not seek distinction whose

actions, or circumstances, could not bear the blaze of truth.

Disgusted, and again relapsing into cynical austerity, he thought of the life of an ascetic, as that alone which was supportable; and repeatedly determined on withdrawing secretly from the station he then held. But as often did the dazzling allurements of glory suspend his resolution, when a change in the disposal of the Indian forces gave a fresh bias to his feelings.

Tawtongo's band was detached from the allies, with whom it had hitherto uniformly acted, and was appointed to a service in a more remote quarter, infested by those Indian tribes who had espoused the opposite cause.

Their mode of warfare now assumed a new character. Tawtongo was again able to head his warriors. Their grand art consisted in stealing, like hyenas, on their unprepared foes; and having surprised them, the object was to destroy the greatest possible number

in the most inhuman manner; while they displayed the ungovernable fury of wild beasts, accompanied by horrid yells, and every demonstration of demoniac ferocity. It seemed as if the check imposed upon them, while acting with the British forces, had but suppressed their brutality to give it double vigour the moment it could be exercised without constraint.

But nothing to Ontario was so dreadful as their treatment of their *devoted* prisoners. Those which they thought proper to spare, were distributed among such of the tribe as had lost relations in the conflict; but if they did not give satisfaction they were subsequently destroyed. If children fell into their hands they were generally adopted\*, and considered as slaves—but those who were destined to satiate the full fury of revenge, were condemned to a procrastinated death, of a nature too horrible to be delineated. All that man could do,

under the influence of a tender heart wrung by such harrowing sights, and wrought up to the utmost pitch of impassioned energy in the cause of humanity, Ontario attempted—persuasion, supplication, reproaches, threats, even violence, were alternately called to his aid; but all in vain! Revenge opposed him, and revenge was the very soul of the Indian. He was powerless against numbers, and his only refuge from horrors, which he could not arrest, was in flight:—but, contrary to his first intention, he did not *secretly* withdraw from his associates. He had often, when endeavouring to impress Tawtongo with a sense of his cruelty, assured him it would be the cause of their eternal separation; and though the threat failed to produce the effect desired, it always excited strong demonstrations of regret on the part of Tawtongo, who felt as much affection for Ontario as he was capable of



experiencing, and found his military services inestimable. Thus the apprehension of his departure was always a source of grief to the chief, and Ontario hoped that when he announced his resolution to be *fixed*, it might make a strong impression, and perhaps operate to the advantage of the wretched beings he had in his power.

Tawtongo received his determination with a cry of despair; and nothing within his power to offer, did he withhold as a temptation to induce him to remain, short of the only condition Ontario would accede to; but Tawtongo vowed to him, that to spare the destroyers of his ancestors, the enemies of his race from generation to generation, would be a disgrace under which he could not survive.

Finding him irrevocably determined to go, Tawtongo still evinced his friendship by presenting him with many valuable presents. He also delivered to him a belt of wampum,

which would secure him friends wherever he encountered any of that nation who could interpret the devices upon it, and who would regard it as the signet of one of their chiefs. He supplied him with as large a store of provisions as he could conveniently carry, and weapons to procure more when that should be expended, and, lastly, endeavoured to press upon him a present of a wife, from among the captive women; observing that the quantity of things he would have to carry would be too heavy a load for *him*, but that the woman could bear it with ease, while *he* would be at liberty to exercise his bow, or amuse himself as inclination dictated. But as Ontario had never been accustomed to use that species of animal as a beast of burden, he only shuddered, as he invariably did, at the word *wife*; and, observed, that he was about to seek the abode of *peace*, not the den of discord. The kindness of Tawtongo

softened him a little towards the chief, but he could not so far lose sight of his ferocity as to feel any degree of regret at quitting him. The child, whom Ontario had once felt an interest for, had long since forfeited his favour by preferring liberty and ignorance, to constraint and application ; and he quitted the scene without one lingering sensation. Even the *last* glance he cast on it had not the power it so frequently possesses, of “ giving value to objects never before prized.”

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE sun had not risen when Ontario wandered from the Indian camp, to pursue his design of withdrawing wholly from every haunt of man, and living as he felt, alone in the creation. He had his bow and arrows slung across his shoulder, his pistols in his belt, and his package of necessaries in a species of knapsack at his back. The guidance of his steps he left to chance, his only care to direct them as far as possible from the track of his fellow creatures. He proceeded for many hours through scenes the least inviting, till fatigue compelled him to arrest his progress. When looking around him he rejoiced to observe that every trace of man had disappeared, and it pleased him to think that the image of God had never before breathed

that atmosphere. He climbed a rugged projection of red and barren earth, and gazed upon the prospect that extended itself beneath. Heavy clouds obscured the sun, and their sombre cast harmonized with the wildness and desolation which alone were visible, "craggs, mounds and knolls, confusedly hurled," were bounded by an impenetrable desert, whose mass of foliage bore a dark and gloomy hue, more resembling a solid mountain, than fluctuating branches. Not a breeze could reach the impervious shade, to sweep the myriads of devouring insects from the loaded leaf, which remained unshaken by the friendly gale, that would have freed it from its destroyers, and given its tremulous shades to diversify the view. The noxious shelter admitted no opposing influence, pestilential vapour rose above, while beneath was a world of reptiles the most loathsome. Such was the dreary boundary of the prospect surveyed by Ontario, as he

rested against a blighted pine, and cast a glance of melancholy wildness—of dreary satisfaction, on the lonely, fruitless scene.

And could a tender gentle heart derive gratification from such a contemplation? how far more fitted to the unreflecting savage, who would gaze on wilds and wastes, without considering that they were such, and feel them most congenial. But Ontario, refined, moral, and with sensibility to an extreme, how could he survey with complacency the desolation of neglect and ruin? He did so, because he felt it analogous to his own dreary heart, his own joyless being, equally desolate and fruitless. The sun suddenly burst forth and cast a gleam upon the prospect less in unison with his feelings: the burning rays oppressed him. He looked at the tree above his head, its leaves were withered, and could afford no shade. “Ah!” thought he, and his lip quivered, “even you, wretched

blighted thing, refuse to shelter me, not even a friendly leaf will extend itself for me, persecuted alike by nature and by man! Oh! for another world!"

He cast himself upon the ground and wept, ejaculating with passionate emotion—"Yes, my mother earth, on *thy* bosom I may shed my tears, *that* alone in creation on which my throbbing temples could welcome rest. Spurned as I am with contumely, disgrace, and infamy, from the only bosom which *should* have been my pillow!"—

Ontario was aroused from a paroxysm of despair by a sound of fierce hissing, and starting up he beheld, at the distance only of a few paces, a serpent of terrific dimensions, in the very act of erecting itself, with darted tongue, and glaring eye, to spring upon him. Ontario in an instant was at the top of the pine, his only retreat, and for a few moments he believed a *vain* one, for the reptile curled itself round the

base of the trunk, its eye still riveted on its coveted victim, but it soon yielded to the decree which doomed it for ever to crawl the earth, and, as it sunk, was transfixed by an arrow from Ontario's bow. He also deposited several pistol-balls in the monster's slimy skin before it was wholly deprived of life. The rapidity of his exertions, and their success, had a happy influence on Ontario's feelings; or, perhaps, their vehemence previously expended, they now naturally revolved into a more tranquil current, and he became sensible of ameliorated sensations. He felt a species of self-reproach, while still suspended amidst the supporting branches of the leafless pine which he had accused of cruelty, but which had proved the means of his preservation. There was somewhat like relenting fate in this circumstance, and it was still more apparent in his destruction of the reptile that had sought his life. He felt grateful,



and almost cheered, and more capable of reflecting rationally than was often in his power. In that early stage of his wanderings, it was already apparent that the project of traversing such a country, without a guide or direction, was absurd and impracticable; and that to attempt it would be but the act of dilatory suicide. Diversities of perils threatened the unguarded traveller from every quarter, here a deep morass extended itself, there a burning sand must be traversed: the shade of the forest could not be sought, for its growling sentinels secured it from intrusion, and in another direction, the roar of tremendous falls and rushing cataracts forbade advance; and even the plainest tract, apparently free from any lurking danger, could suddenly present the first most deadly enemy of man.

Thus Ontario became convinced of the futility of his first design, and of the necessity of adopting one more

feasible. He recalled to his recollection the description of scenery through which he had passed, when journeying with the Indians, and thought it might afford him a spot suited to his purpose. If he could regain that tract, he might proceed with greater security. He now determined to retrace the way he had that morning pursued, till he should obtain a view of Tawtongo's position, by which he should be directed to the road he had formerly traversed with the tribe. In this object, after much trouble and fatigue, he succeeded and proceeded in a more familiar route. But where was to be his shelter for the night? A solitary tree was his only refuge; this he climbed, trusting to be at least free from attack; but though secure from any formidable enemy, innumerable tribes of insects deprived him of a moment's ease, while the fire-flies glared around him, the night-hawks flapped their wings mournfully over his head, and the distracting

clamour of legions of frogs completed the miseries of his situation, and caused him speedily to resume his course. He proceeded leisurely for some hours, stopping from time to time, when fatigue compelled him to relieve his weary limbs from exertion, but advancing again as soon as he had power, till entirely overcome with the excessive heat of a mid-day sun, he was again compelled to seek for shade amidst the branches of a white oak, which offered shelter from the oppressive rays. Their influence he hoped would have dispersed his night depredators, but still swarms of moschetto's, and flies of all descriptions, made him their prey, and more than once he observed a slow crawling toad, dragging its loathsome form from the base of the tree even to its very top, and there sit dismally croaking. (16) Yet *here* Ontario felt he should be compelled to remain till after the sun had set, when, under favour of a firmament

never quite obscure at that season of the year, and a young moon, he proposed proceeding. He was in a fine situation to encourage reflections on the *charms* of uncultivated scenery and savage life, and he did them ample *justice*. True, they had borne the same character when first presented to his view ; but then novelty and prejudice had deprived them of their most frightful features, and clothed them in beauties not their own. Ontario was now also fully convinced, that though seeking a picturesque and retired spot, “ formed for the lonely hermit’s cell,” might in England be pretty pastime ; it was in North America a most serious and hazardous undertaking. Now too the necessity of that repose, which he every moment felt more requisite, forced on him the urgency of seeking some dwelling of man, where he might be permitted to rest a few hours. He ascended to the highest pinnacle of his lofty canopy, in order to survey the

extent of the surrounding country, in which he hoped to descry some human abode.

He was not disappointed, for in a direction diverging entirely from the tract he had once before traversed, and at the distance, as he calculated, of a very few miles, he perceived some scattered habitations, which he concluded to be an Indian village, and thither he determined to repair.

As the sun disappeared behind the western mountains, Ontario descended from his resting place, and pursued the course, which from his elevated survey of it, he conceived would conduct him to the spot he was now eager to attain. But many obstacles, unperceived at a distance, obstructed his progress, and much time was consumed in overcoming them, while the way was lengthened far beyond what he had estimated, and it was near midnight when he found himself on the skirts of a straggling village. The habita-

tions, as far as he could ascertain by their outward appearance in that dubious light, partook of the character of the Indian wigwam, though constructed on a somewhat improved principle. He had no doubt, from the position of the place, that its population was of the same nation with Tawtongo's tribe; his wampum belt would therefore secure him a friendly reception. He passed several of the dwellings, profound tranquillity reigned around them, all seemed buried in repose. Should he arouse the sleeping inhabitants and depend on their hospitality for shelter? This question Ontario revolved as he passed round a structure that spread over a considerable extent. There were some out-buildings attached to it, the entrance to one of them he essayed to open, it yielded to his hand. Within were deposited bundles of reeds, ropes, fishing-nets and tackle. The reeds offered a sumptuous bed to Ontario, in compa-

ri-son to his accommodations the pre-  
ceding night. They seemed all he  
could desire at that moment, he threw  
himself upon them and speedily par-  
took of the quiet slumber that had shed  
its influence around.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

ONTARIO slept undisturbed for many hours, and when he at length awoke, the sun had performed more than half its diurnal journey. Various sounds, to which he had long been unaccustomed, saluted his waking perception, and though they were discordant, they were pleasing, from a connection, which he himself, at the moment, could not distinguish. He was only conscious, that something pleasurable associated with those notes, something not deeply interesting, but gratifying ; yet the nature of the union, or where the present impression linked itself with the past, he could not trace.

It was simply the inharmonious concert of a poultry yard. He raised himself, and listened. The precincts of an English farm-house now swam upon



his mind, and the analogy of sounds and scenes was explained.

He rose, much surprised, to examine from whence proceeded a species of disturbance so novel among the Indians ; for he had not yet met any who would take the trouble to domesticate those easily tamed birds that were found wild in profusion, and which, if carefully reared, would have afforded them certain resources. How much, then, was he amazed, on emerging from his retreat, to perceive an allotted space surrounded by a rude paling, for the accommodation of ducks, geese, &c. Further on, was an inclosure of a considerable extent, resembling a garden, and he there perceived an Indian, who appeared to be occupied in tilling the ground. Ontario approached and accosted him, presenting the wampum belt, which, as well as the language he spoke in, announced the tribe he came from. The Indian, who was not a young man, rested from his labor as

Ontario addressed him; then, paying little attention to the wampum belt, he replied in these words:—"You are a STRANGER, and Omi Mee requires not the belt of amity to secure his friendship.—Come, and he will give you the best of his food, and shelter you from the noonday sun."

As he spoke, Omi Mee laid down a pickaxe, with which he had been freeing the earth from some old roots that betrayed the wilderness it had once been, and looking kindly on his guest, led the way to his dwelling. Ontario followed, not without surprise at the gentle courtesy of the Indian; for though hospitality was a virtue in which few of that nation were deficient, it was generally proffered in a manner, that evinced it more the result of established custom, than that warmth of heart which inspires the exercise of philanthropy.

Omi Mee continued, as they proceeded:—"I was with you while sleep

still rested heavily on you.—I went to seek my tools, and saw you stretched upon the reeds like a weary hunter after a fruitless chase. Sadness hung as a dark cloud on your features, making deeper the gloom which the stillness of sleep cast upon them. Life was not in that aspect, yet it shewed enough of feeling to prove, that death had not come. I sighed, wished you had been sheltered in my wigwam, and crept softly away.”

Ontario listened with pleasure to his gentle guide, and accompanied him to his habitation. The approach to it was neat and clean: a perfectly *novel* distinction to the precincts of an Indian hut.

Ontario was no less struck by the interior of the abode, than by the appearance of its occupants. There sat a squaw, and, to complete Ontario's astonishment, of no disgusting aspect, for she was the *first* he had seen that could be so characterised. Her cloath-

ing was decently arranged, her flesh clean, and her hair tightly adjusted about her head. She was occupied in constructing baskets, and boxes of bark, embroidered with porcupine's quills, brilliantly coloured, in which she was assisted by three female children, who sat round her, all partially attired, clean-headed, and healthy. Every thing in the habitation partook of the same character of cleanliness and industry. There was no confusion, no disorder; every implement, and every utensil, had its own place; all were arranged with regularity, and the chaos of savage life seemed cleared from this little spot. The good Indian addressed his wife with a *request*, not a *command*; he spoke to her as if she were his companion and friend, not his slave; and she, with cheerful eager haste, complied with his wishes, and spread before their guest the best refreshment their little store afforded.

Ontario thought it more palatable

than any thing he had eaten since his exile, and well he might, for he had tasted nothing like it.

Here was excellent bread, made from the Indian eorn, a luxury little known among the tribes he had hitherto seen. Here was good milk, and a thin kind of cheese, which he relished extremely. But nothing pleased him so much, as the demeanour, so uncommon among their nation, of his host and hostess; the latter had resumed her work, and he observed her easting a reproving glanee on her children, for staring at him. This betrayed that she had an idea of *manners*; it bespoke a species of civilization, and so did her own averted looks, while he continued eating. Omi Mee partook of the meal, but it seemed more from courtesy to his guest, than from inclination. Ontario invited the female to eat; she shook her head, but look pleased at being noticed, though not surprised as if unused to civility. Omi Mee fixed his

eyes on Ontario with a look of curiosity as he said, " You are not numbered with the tribe of Tawtongo, or Mikinack (his own wife) might sit unheeded, nor be suffered to taste of food till you were satisfied."

Ontario felt confused ; his host continued, " We have had our meal before ;—when the sun has gone half his journey we take our dinner."—" Dinner," echoed Ontario in astonishment ; " how, then ! have you regular meals ?"

The Indian was for a moment silent, and the expression of his eye became still more penetrating when he repeated, " Regular meals ! Indians do not speak so ;—that is the manner of white men. You are like the Galilean, whose speech betrayed him." This allusion, from such a quarter, would have amazed Ontario, had he dwelt on it for a moment ; but the apprehension that he had discovered the imposition he was practising, in *ap-*

*pearing* as an Indian, filled him with confusion, and caused his conscious blood to glow even through the dusky dye that disguised his complexion. Omi Mee, anxious to convince him that his friendly disposition towards him was not affected by this detection, redoubled his kindness. "Though," said he, "you are not of the tribe of the Eagle Tawtongo, you are to me not less welcome; nay, more so, for we like the dove better than the eagle. She is smooth, and calm, and gentle, and lives in peace. The eagle may make us wonder, but he does not please us; he does not make us comfortable. The cry of Areouski\* is music to *his* ear, but we shudder at it. The dove loves the smoke of the calumet, and goes peaceably to sleep in its warm vapour. I am called the dove of my tribe, and my wings shall shelter you." Ontario was charmed with

\* The Indian Mars.

this Indian : in vain he endeavoured to account for the striking dissimilarity of his manners to those of his nation, till it occurred to him that this man had perhaps in his early days visited other regions ; he had probably received some education, and had profited by the improvements he had witnessed in civilized countries. Yes, the mystery was explained ; and yet Tawtongo had been partially educated, but little, very little, *humanized*. But this Indian was of a different disposition : he was more docile, more easily tamed, and more formed to admit light, and profit by instruction. Ontario determined to question him.

“ You, Omi Mee,” he observed, “ have not always lived quietly here in your wigwam :—you have been a wanderer like myself, though now enjoying such peaceful rest. Tell me, enviable Omi Mee, where did you go to find so desirable a frame of mind ?”

“ The dove is content with his own



nest," returned the Indian. " I never wandered from mine by choice. Before so many snows had turned my hair towards their own colour, I was sometimes forced to join in the wars between the hostile tribes of the nations, and then I was a serpent, and a ruthless one: but now my sting is gone; my poison has been drawn from me, and I am pure."—" But," said Ontario, " you have been *instructed*: letters have been taught you, and you know something of the manners of other men:—you have been in a place superior to this village."

" No, I never was in so good a place. It is better, far better, than any that I have seen. All my good came to me, I did not stray away in search of it. I can read nothing but the meaning of the wampum, yet I know all that I wish to know till I go above." He pointed to the sky. Ontario marvelled in silence at this avowal; all his ready calculations on

the influence of education, to which he had ascribed what he saw, were confounded, and again he was ready to embrace the opinion that this was the *genuine* state of savage life, unvi-  
tiated, uncontaminated, and, conse-  
quently, innocent and happy. That  
what he had hitherto witnessed among  
the Indians was savage life in a de-  
graded state; that it had led him to  
form an erroneous judgment, and that,  
after all, the original persuasion with  
which he had first sought those peo-  
ple was correct. A new feeling was  
aroused in his bosom, or rather an old  
one revived;—he became convinced  
that he had found in this Indian a per-  
fectly unsophisticated son of nature, a  
creature unsullied with a commerce  
with the world, unversed in its decep-  
tion; deriving happiness from igno-  
rance, and practising virtue from the  
dictates of his own heart. Ontario felt  
drawn towards him, the enthusiasm of  
his disposition was all awakened; and

now the thought struck him, that could he find a spot suitable to his purpose of *hermitizing*, or, as it now seemed, partially secluding himself, within a few miles of the habitation of Omi Mee, with whom he could occasionally enjoy the rare and exquisite communication of pure, native, unenlightened intelligence, it would be the utmost consolation his circumstances would admit of;—yes, he would traverse the adjacent country, and there, if practicable, fix his abode.

---

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Ontario prepared to depart, Omi Mee warmly pressed him to relinquish his design of proceeding so soon. Ontario assured him he would visit him again, and would perhaps even return in the course of that night, and resume possession of his bed of reeds. Omi Mee said he should have better accommodation if he would promise to be with them by the time the moon rose; but Ontario gratefully declined this further kindness, and took leave of Omi Mee and his family with lively expressions of thanks. Casting his looks of approbation from them, in a lingering glance round their residence, as he was on the point of leaving it, his eye rested on the uncommon and most unexpected sight in that region, of what bore the ap-

pearance of a book. With alacrity his steps followed the direction of his eyes, and he laid his hand upon the welcome object. The Indian woman and her children all started forward with apprehensive looks, and seemed only withheld by civility from rescuing the volume from his touch, and dubious how to act, they eagerly looked to Omi Mee with an aspect of blendid supplication and fear.

Ontario immediately relinquished his hold of the object which excited such solicitude, but Omi Mee, stepping forward, replaced it in his hand, saying, " You will return to us and bring it back.—Take it with you, it will lead you in the right path.—You cannot stray if that is your guide : it will bring you to be one among us, and shew you what we worship."

Ontario concluded that the leather of the binding, was the skin of some of their deified animals, some favourite manitou, to whom the superstition of

Omi Mee, attached the power of preventing his losing his way, and keeping him from evil. It probably inclosed mysticall characters, and cabalistical charms; or it might be a species of Indian mythology.

As he was not a stranger to the hieroglyphical method they sometimes adopted to perpetuate their treaties, covenants, &c., he thought he might derive some amusement from this guide and protector, which Omi Mee so kindly pressed upon him: His curiosity, too, was excited, to ascertain the nature of the persuasion, which produced such excellent practice in the good Indian: he, therefore, took the book, though Mikinaek looked uneasy, and her children surprised; and having freed his wallet from the chief part of its contents, which he left as a hostage for his return, he deposited in it the volume, with which he departed.

The extremity of Omi Mee's domain was not the boundary of Ontario's

amazement, which, on the contrary, increased as he proceeded through the village. On every side, he observed dwellings, much resembling that he had quitted, some even still more improved, and not wholly destitute of ornament, for flowers began to make their appearance in conspicuous places, as if encouraged and trained with taste, to flourish where they would be most seen. The heaps of dirt, which usually obstructed the entrance to the genuine Indian wigwam, were removed to a distance behind, and sometimes entirely hid : in short, there appeared to have been an engraftment of something highly superior upon the original character of these huts, and with which the general appearance of the inhabitants corresponded. He saw no children wholly without cloathing, though he observed greater numbers than were commonly seen among the Indian tribes, few being reared, in comparison to what were born, some perish-

ing through neglect, or, if females, being wilfully destroyed.

Coming in contact with a large circle of little ones, who surrounded a door, at which stood a woman whom he concluded to be their mother, Ontario addressed her, inquiring if they were all her's? She replied civilly in the affirmative, looking on them with maternal pride and satisfaction.

And how is it that I see so many *girls*," said Ontario?" " Have you never put any of them *to rest*?" The expression of the woman's countenance instantly changed, and casting on him a look of horror and resentment, she turned from him without deigning to reply.

He perceived that she felt herself highly insulted; but at a loss how to repair what he had said, he moved onward. Still prompted by his increased curiosity, further to ascertain the character of the place, he could not forbear putting the same question



to another mother, whom he observed surrounded by her offspring. On this occasion he did not escape with impunity, for he was greeted with very unequivocal language, indicative of the wrath he had excited, and recommended to repair to some distant huts, to which the female pointed, if he looked for such a mother as he took her for.

Ontario's inquisitive spirit led him actually to repair to the quarter she directed him to. There he once more beheld the original Indian wigwam, and all its unqualified characteristics, extending alike to the appearance, and deportment of its inhabitants. In the eyes of the other women whom he had addressed, there had been a mild and benignant expression, before he had excited their indignation, but those he now looked on, had a wildness and savage fire in their glance, which made him not unaptly compare them to the untamed brutes of the wilderness, while

the others were like gentle domestic animals. He here boldly repeated the same inquiry he had before made, for he had no doubt that these women partook too much of the genuine Indian character to be offended at such a question. However he was mistaken in the result, though not in the opinion he had formed of these women, for he immediately perceived that though they did not deny, and even affected audaciously to boast, of having been guilty of infanticide, they were sensible of the opprobrium attached to it, and susceptible of a species of shame, which they endeavoured to conceal under an outrageous demonstration of their depravity. Concluding that the question was intended as a taunt, their utmost fury was kindled against Ontario, who found it necessary to make a rapid retreat from their vicinity, or run the risk of being stoned for his temerity.

## CHAPTER XI.

HAVING attained a safe position, he slackened his speed, and proceeded in a pace more favourable to meditation, for which he found ample grounds in the scene he had left behind him. It was altogether of a nature, to excite unabated surprise, and unsated curiosity. In vain he pondered on what he had witnessed, and endeavoured to suggest any probable, or even *possible* cause, adequate to producing such extraordinary effects, which he believed nothing short of education could have accomplished. It was evident that by far the greater part of the village had reached a considerable degree of civilization, yet in the case of Omi Mee, who, he concluded, was one of the principal inhabitants, it appeared that education was *not* the ground work of

his humanized demeanor, and though the influence of some benign spirit seemed shed on the majority of the population, there were still a few individuals who remained in the noxious gloom of their original state. What did this arise from? How could it be accounted for? Whence proceeded this disproportioned superiority in the many? He could think of no means adequate to such an end. He continued his progress lost in a thousand empty speculations, founded on impracticable theories, and visionary systems; and had proceeded some miles before he recollected the object of his wanderings. It has appeared that Ontario was a thinking being, and though his thoughts did not always take a right direction, they were ever ready to seize on any new subject of investigation, and exercise themselves, if not profitably, at least actively. The deep and real sources of affliction which had sullied every spring, from

whence he had sought happiness, had now unknown to himself lost some of their poignancy, and might earlier have admitted the styptic of time, in scenes less calculated to aggravate their effects. He had no hope, and therefore could have no care, and his mind eagerly seized any idea that could give it something to work on. When he at length remembered for what purpose he was traversing the country, he found himself on the margin of a lake. He now looked back upon the track he had passed, and around as far as his eye could reach. The scene was partially cultivated; meadows, &c. were not unfrequent, and many evidences of the hand of man were visible. As he proceeded, the shore became gradually more and more abrupt, and a ridge of high ground speedily concealed the inland view, assuming the form of a lofty embankment, scattered with trees, and shrubs, which made a picturesque boundary to

the coast. But a more formidable bulwark succeeded, in crags and rocks, of a stupendous magnitude; which changed the face of the scene from the pleasing moderation of simplicity, to that of rude awful gigantic magnificence. A sudden turn round a projecting point brought Ontario at once upon this view. He stopped to contemplate it, and his ideas took a range partaking of the vastness of the objects which he looked on, then contracted to a focus in the thought that amidst "these fragments of an earlier world," he would fix his habitation. He had begun to feel weary, but now his activity was renewed and redoubled. He climbed crags apparently inaccessible, and sprang over fissures where destruction yawned beneath. There were not wanting caves nor grotts, which, when the briars and shrubs, that impeded ingress should be broken through, would invite Ontario to consummate his plan, and dispute the possession

with their winged inhabitants. The elevation from the surface of the lake secured them from the intrusion of any amphibious quadrupede, while the jutting rocks above, terminating in rent and rugged pinnacles, separated by mighty chasms from the main-land, forbade all attack from that quarter. Here then seemed the goal of Ontario's wanderings: the very spot on earth, most congenial to his actual state of mind, his feelings, and the design they instigated. He examined, and re-examined, the cavities best suited to his purpose, gratified beyond measure, at the possibility, of which he convinced himself, that he *could* convert one of them into a commodious habitation. But to accomplish this object he must be provided with such implements as would enable him clearly to excavate the interior by freeing it from brambles, mossy fragments of rock, and other obstructions. He had no doubt he could procure what he should

require at the Indian village, and he determined to apply to his friend Omi Mee for all that would be necessary. The sun was declining, still Ontario could not resolve on quitting a scene so congenial to his taste: now his ambition was to obtain a view of the prospect which the heights above him must command, and various were the attempts he made to compass this end, being frequently obliged to descend even to the shore in order to remount the rugged boundary where ascent appeared more practicable. At length his toil was rewarded by success, and he found he had attained an elevation far above every object in the unbounded expanse before him. Panting and breathless, he cast himself upon a ridge of rock overhanging the dizzy altitude, and, prostrate, gazed upon the world beneath, like a rebellious spirit hurled from above, and caught upon the nearest point of earth to Heaven. For a moment his fatigued eyes closed



upon the vast extent, and rallied their strongest power to reach the grand variety within their scan. From the chaotic wildness of the scene immediately below, clothed in deeper gloom by the shadows of evening, his glance extended to lighter, gentler, objects ; meads, and plains, and gradual risings, clothed with the rich magnolia, palm, and cypress ; while darker hues of olive, aloes, and oak, varied the shadowy green, unlike the density of impenetrable woods. Nor was life wanting in that view, for rising, distant from each other, could be distinguished dwellings whose situation, and adjacent culture, denoted the abode of settlers from another region,

Beyond—

——“ Thro’ ridges burning in the western sun  
Lake after lake interminably gleam :

And past those settlers’ haunts the eye might  
roam

Where earth’s unliving silence all would seem,

Save where on rocks the beaver built his  
 dome,  
 Or buffalo remote, low'd far from human  
 home."\*

There, to the east, scattered over the face of a gentle ascent, opposed to the splendid beams of the setting sun, and rendered conspicuous in their glorious lustre, rose the village, which, as Ontario again fixed his eyes on it, revived the marvellous impression it had previously excited. His imagination again traversed with his eyes every intervening object, and uniting them by a moral chain, he found all typical of the interesting termination. Around him was the rugged brutality of savage life—beyond were the softened features of gradual improvement, which gently and imperceptibly led to that purely, brightly, illumined spot, which seemed the seat of civilization! But what had made it such? Stupendous question not to be answered by mortal voice.

\* Campbell.

Lost again in vain attempts to solve this enigma, Ontario's eyes ranged over the far stretching lake beneath, as if striving to communicate its expansion to his thoughts. But vainly acute, fruitlessly inquisitive, still he gazed on the depth in ignorance.—Associating ideas reminded him of the book which mechanically he opened at the beginning, and unable to disengage his mind from the splendour of the view before him, his eyes still dazzled with the glittering flood, he read three lines unknowing what he looked at. By the fourth it might be said, “his soul was caught.” It was this—“And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”\*

How familiar, yet how exquisite!—Ontario's mind seemed chained by a momentary suspension of thought; then, as he sprang erect with unbounded astonishment,—overwhelming conviction,—a flood of light seeming to

\* Genesis, 1. 2.

burst upon his soul, he exclaimed—  
 “These people are Christians! —I see,  
 I feel, I understand it all! This holy  
 book dissolves the phenomenon, and  
 reduces all these beneficial conse-  
 quences, these hallowed influences, to  
 the simple operations of the gospel of  
 light. *Civilization!*—how could I  
 look for it from any other source?  
 Education will promote it, morality  
 cement it, but *Christianity* alone can  
*perfect* it.”

Now he could only wonder that this  
 idea had not before suggested itself,  
 when he was vainly endeavouring to  
 discover a cause adequate to effecting  
 what he had witnessed. Yet how  
*could* it occur to him, unless as the  
*sole* proportionate mean, that in a re-  
 gion so remote and so apparently cut  
 off from the advantages of a commu-  
 nion, that could so strongly influence  
 the character, the glorious light of  
 Revelation should have penetrated the

clouds of ignorance, and dissipated the storms of depravity.

In the present happy era, when such universal, and simultaneous measures, have been adopted to sow the seeds of knowledge, and shed the treasures of revealed religion on the unenlightened world, such astonishment would not have been excited by circumstances which, at *that* period, seemed so wonderful to Ontario, nor would he have marvelled at finding a version of the Bible in an Indian wigwam. More confined means had, at that epoch, been consequently productive of but partial success, and the object of such exertions not being in that day so general a theme, Ontario had reflected little on it, and was quite unprepared for the light that burst on him,—displaying the radical influence, and practical, consequences, of the faith he professed, with more poignant effect than could have been produced by all that has ever been written on the subject.

He became impatient to ascertain how all these things could be; and, without casting a single glance more at the alluring prospect, for his thoughts were now all turned inward, he succeeded in descending, though with considerable difficulty, from his aërial situation, and regaining the track to the village, he once more reached it under favour of moonlight.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

THE merry sound of a chichicoe played in lively measure, came upon his ear as he advanced, and he passed more than one group of young Indians dancing before the doors of their huts, where the old men sat with their wives contemplating the recreation of their children with sympathetic joy. Ontario stopped to observe them: he was familiar with all the Indian dances, yet this did not resemble any that he had before seen. Here were no indications of barbarous exultation, wild ferocity, or the still more disgusting characteristics which sometimes distinguished the performance of the Indians. Here was only a representation of genuine hilarity, springing from uncorrupted hearts, which made the spirits so light that the form must

fain bound in corresponding vivacity. There was nothing in this scene to contradict the persuasion that possessed Ontario's mind: on the contrary, mirth, cheerfulness, and content would be the natural result of the knowledge he suspected they had received. He now hastened forward to the abode of Omi Mee, where an animated welcome greeted him, and he was pressed to partake of the ready meal. As he restored "the Book" he eagerly introduced the subject that filled his imagination by saying, "How, Omi Mee, since you have never travelled into the country of white men, or been familiar with them, could you meet with this treasure?"

"It came to me," returned Omi Mee, and continued, with an animated glance, "and do *you* know its value?"

The eyes of Ontario met those of the Indian with such a quick and meaning expression, such sympathetic



intelligence, and spoke so fully the reciprocal thought and feeling, that words were needless; and as their hands united in a fervent grasp, they would have been convinced, that spite of colour, tribe, or nation, they were of "one fold under one Shepherd," even if the simple epithet "Christian" had not fallen from the lips of both at the same moment. "Yes," repeated Oni Mee, "Christian—Christians all, all around," as he first pointed to his wife and children, and then waved his hand in a larger circle, indicating the population of the village.

"But how is this," cried Ontario; "and how can this book be intelligible to you? Did you not tell me this morning that you had never been instructed?"

"I told you," returned Omi Mee, "that I knew not letters, that I had never wandered in search of knowledge, but I did not tell you that knowledge had not come to me. It is

true that that holy Book is shut to my eyes, but my ears and my understanding can receive it, and through them it enters my heart, and it seems sweeter and dearer to me by the voice of my Nctanis (his daughter). She has seen but eight snows, but they have brought more to her than all that have passed over her father's head. This Book is open to her, for she has been taught its interpretation, and the characters are plain to her, and she tells them to me again."

"She then has been taught to read," observed Ontario; "and who in this remote region could have instructed her?" Omi Mee replied, "Twelve times has the earth exchanged her verdant covering for the bleached mantle of barrenness, and as often resumed the gay and flowery veil that hides her from the sun's bright rays, since a holy messenger of heaven, from a far distant nation, came over

mountains, seas, and lakes, to teach us the way of life, and dwell among us."

In figurative and pathetic language Omi Mee delivered a more particular account of a Christian Missionary, who twelve years before had taken up his residence among these Indians, and of whose successful exertions their present state was the best evidence. A few, very few, individuals had resisted his gradual ascendancy, which in that space of time had attained such influence, that only those miserable wretches whom Ontario had observed living apart from the rest, in all their original degradation, retained their ancient superstitions, or perpetrated the crimes of their forefathers. These were considered by the others as proscribed beings, with whom they would hold no communication; not on account of their adherence to their original mode of worship, which their

enlightened brethren were taught should rather excite pity than resentment, or persecution of any kind ; but they avoided them as regarding their vicious course of life, which made it evident that they retained their prejudices because they sanctioned vice, and not from any principle of innate attachment, or conscientious respect for the objects they had been accustomed to hold sacred. The good Missionary would still often appear among them, never hopeless, never disheartened, yet trusting he should ultimately make some impression on them ; at all events resolved never to relinquish the attempt. It was long after Oni Mee's usual hour of going to rest, before Ontario would release him from the pleasing task of recapitulating all the particulars of his conversion, which he related with so much simplicity and genuine sensibility, as to give the strongest effect to

a circumstance in itself so highly interesting.

Ontario had a secret wish to see and to converse with the excellent promoter of all this good; but he deeply sighed as he considered, that whenever *he* held communication with a countryman, and *such* it appeared was the Missionary, suspicion and distrust must attend him. At this suggestion he shrunk from the thought of any intercourse which must expose him to the strictures that would naturally be excited by his mysterious character. On this night he slept not so profoundly as on the preceding: his mind was agitated by a train of thought as interesting as it was novel, and all tending towards the same grand conclusion, in which he felt that he himself and every child of man bore a part, and was indeed most deeply concerned. His imagination had not been much accustomed to range the peace-

ful and happy regions of religious meditation, but a new field now expanded before him, in which he perceived only flowery paths, refreshing streams, tranquil shades; and amidst these delightful images he at length sank to repose.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE minor miseries of savage life, and of uncultivated regions, the former arising from want of cleanliness, and the latter from the impure atmosphere of congregated vapours, had also disappeared from this scene. Neither insects, nor reptiles, were so numerous as to impede repose, or threaten safety. For a circuit of many miles, the country had been rendered open by the labour of man, and a free circulation of air admitted. The settlers, whose abodes Ontario had despoiled, had borne a considerable share in this task, and had been of great assistance to the missionary, in aiding his endeavours to teach the Indians the best method of rendering the earth fruitful, and otherwise securing the comforts that were within their reach. But we mean not

to represent an Utopian scene, nor to pretend, that every converted Indian was a *faultless* character, or even as interesting as Omi Mee. There are minds that cannot be operated on, to the extent we may desire, even when Christianity and education have been offered them; but all that *can* be done, will be accomplished by these means, under Divine assistance.

The general conduct of these converted Indians was peaceable, sober, exemplary; and the perpetration of any crime among them, very rare indeed; but the advantages thus secured to them here, were of little weight, in comparison to those, of which this scene was only the prelude.

Ontario imparted to Omi Mee his intention of taking up his abode in that neighbourhood, but was silent, regarding his motives for so doing. Omi Mee wished him to construct a habitation in the village, and offered to assist him in his labour; but Ontario



declined these proposals, and having procured the implements he required, he set off at an early hour in the morning to commence the execution of his plan. On gaining the extremity of the hamlet, he perceived, upon a small plain, a number of children assembled; in the midst of them stood a venerable personage, by whose appearance it was easy to recognize the European; and by his neat but homely attire, the Christian Missionary.

Ontario drew nigh, eager to ascertain the employment he was engaged in. He soon discovered it was that of instruction. Groups of little ones were tracing characters in the sand,\* while others encircled their instructor, and replied, or attempted to reply, to the

\* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the tracing of letters in the sand, is no new expedient, nor original invention of modern instructors, though made the ground-work of the improved and admirable systems of education now generally pursued.

questions he asked them from the scriptures. Ontario gazed on this scene till his eyes unconsciously filled with tears, so softened was his heart, so touched his feelings, by the contemplation of so many youthful beings, snatched from pollution and crime, and directed to the paths of truth and virtue, which lead to eternal habitations,—all, too, through the exertions of this exemplary teacher, the distinguished instrument of Omnipotent mercy.

Ontario beheld him with the utmost veneration, and felt so strong a desire to converse with him, that notwithstanding the ever ready suggestion,—“ I shall be *suspected*,” he would probably have yielded to this inclination, had the opportunity been afforded him. But the missionary was wholly engaged with his interesting occupation, nor did he cast a single glance towards Ontario, who lingering, and thoughtful, proceeded on his way, nor moved with alacrity till he had lost sight of the

objects which so often attracted his retrograde looks—then he steadily pursued his road.

The scene which he revisited lost none of its charms on a second inspection; on the contrary, it was now connected with a train of feelings which “robed it in richer beauties than its own.”

He persevered in his labour with ardour and steadiness, on this, and several succeeding days, returning each night to the hospitable shelter of Omi Mee’s abode. At length, the full fruition of his scheme was accomplished; his hermitage was completed; he had taken possession of it; his blanket was converted into an anchorite’s gown; and his whole appearance had assumed the air of a religious recluse, of which all were characteristic, save the youthful expression of his countenance. But the lines of dejection, and disappointment, were not inappropriate substitutes for the vestiges of age, of which

they were the premature representation.

“ Wrinkles, plough’d by moments, not by years,  
And hours all tortur’d into ages—”

In his frequent visits to Omi Mee, he had more than once encountered the missionary, who had evinced an eager desire to converse with him, which Ontario was unable to oppose, but, on the contrary, met his advances with equal animation. He soon found that they were not instigated by curiosity, but by the same fervent spirit which prompted him to impart consolation, and comfort, to every individual within his influence. He did not betray even an inquisitive look, nor utter a single interrogation that denoted a wish to penetrate the mystery which enveloped Ontario. His conversation was calm and impressive, and rather calculated to excite an interest, which might hereafter give him an in-

fluence with his hearer, than violently to obtrude on him at once, the whole force of his moral and religious arguments.

True, they might in some measure be deemed superfluous, as Ontario avowed himself to be a Christian. But was he so more than *in name*? The Missionary was too charitable to admit that question to its *full* extent, but he could not help thinking that there was scarcely any calamity, short of guilt, which could justify a man in flying from his country, his friends, and society, disregarding all the claims of active life, and all the relative duties which every individual must, in some measure, be liable to, and condemning himself to seclusion, which, if it even sprang from a religious motive, must be founded on the most false, delusive, and pernicious view of the subject. The Missionary was a man of profound understanding, and had attained the deepest theological knowledge, to the

acquisition of which, he had devoted a long life, and his mind was perhaps as expanded on that subject, as human capacity would permit of. It seemed the soul of his present, as well as of his future existence; his duty was his delight; his enjoyment, to promote the joy of others.

Yet he did not despise the blessings peculiar to this life, but appreciated them most justly, from knowing how they ought to be valued. He had a wife and two sons; the latter he had educated to follow his own steps, and they were emulating his example in other regions, but re-visited their parents from time to time. Their mother had a numerous offspring in the little Indians who claimed her care, and there was not an orphan among them who was denied it.

Ontario's mind had now taken a new turn, and he thoroughly executed his asectic scheme by really devoting himself to religious meditation, a de-

sign which had not been a prominent feature in his original plan: but once excited by a train of apparently accidental causes, it was seized on with avidity by his ardent imagination, in which it was so calculated to arouse that spirit of enthusiasm characteristic of his disposition: but the warmth equally natural to it, ever tended to lead him beyond the solid boundaries of reason, and judgment, and to dazzle him with visionary conceptions. He was a novice in the study of the Scriptures, and he rushed on it with all the fervour and vehemence, incident to the commencement of a new pursuit. The holy Book was never out of his hand—its contents never out of his thoughts. Whether he poured over it in the recesses of his rocky cell, or bore it with him amidst the magnificent grandeur of the surrounding scenery, whose lofty images so well accorded with the nature of his contemplations, still the

same theme engaged his imagination, to the total exclusion of all subjects unconnected with it. Sometimes lost in the wildest flights of hypothetical speculations, and scarcely master of his reason, he was only prevented by the want of ready materials from committing to paper the distracted effusions of his inflated fancy, and thus perpetuating an unquestionable evidence of the essential importance, nay, absolute necessity, of a steady guide to curb the aberrations of a fantastic imagination on so stimulating a theme. And such he speedily was compelled to seek in the person of the Missionary. Lost and bewildered in the intricacies of his own rapidly revolving ideas—whirled with velocity through a labyrinth of crude conceptions, leaving far distant the truth, Ontario could no longer endure the solitary encouragement of his self-created perplexities, and he sought the Missionary, who received him with that gentle



complacency, and listened to him with that patient attention, best calculated to induce a candid confession of his feelings. The Missionary (Bloomfield was his name) was grieved, but not surprised to perceive such powers of self-delusion in the human mind: he had not unfrequently witnessed similar effects from similar perversion, and he knew how to minister to this feverish influence of deceptive fervour.

He soon found that he had no common understanding to deal with, and that the strange chimera engendered by the wild imagination now presented to him, exceeded any he had ever before detected, and that there was more to undo ere he could procure a clear field to act on, than he had had to do in regard to any totally ignorant person whom he had converted. The hitherto untaught individual was content with what was told him, and what he could comprehend; and sensible of his own incapa-

city, he never deluded himself with an idea that he *could* penetrate beyond a certain point ; while, on the contrary, the partially instructed scholar, knowing something, wanted to know every thing, and ended in knowing nothing. To the good Missionary, thoroughly acquainted with the perfect beauty and simplicity of truth, it might have appeared unaccountable, that what was so clear to him could be so perverted and misshapen by the shortsightedness of human perception : but he knew that there was no excess of delirious fanaticism, to which a heated imagination might not carry *him* who resigned himself to the guidance of impassioned feeling on such a theme, and which only required firm, solid, lively conviction, operating in unshakeable principles and steady faith, not bursting forth in occasional ebullitions of frantic fervour. But the grand faculty of improvement was awakened in Ontario's mind : he was anxious,

he was solicitous in the highest degree, to be enlightened, and *that* on points which, though professedly a Christian, and in some respects more susceptible of the beauties of Christianity than the majority of his early companions, had never before struck him as worthy of profound attention. The instruction he now received was in the most pleasing guise, for Bloomfield was a man of general knowledge, and though all emanated from the same source, all bore on the same point, and all terminated in the same forcible conclusion, the whole was brought to act almost imperceptibly on the mind, which admitted it from irresistible conviction, and could never afterwards reject or dispute the basis. Soon not a day elapsed in which you might not at some hour behold Ontario at the Missionary's neat and comfortable abode. He never left it but with a renewed calm of heart, a sensation long unfelt, but now gradually

increasing, under which those turbulent destroyers of his peace, those passions whose vehemence poisoned every arrow of adversity, and repelled the influence of resignation, began to subside and sink into a state of rest.

In the company of Bloomfield and his wife, a sensible conversable woman, the charms of society operated once more on Ontario's disposition, and he often marvelled that he should have quitted the civilized world, and traversed the wilds of America, *there* to find two beings that were congenial to him. Omi Mee too, he not unfrequently visited, and though many a bursting sigh heaved his bosom as he contemplated the domestic happiness of the good Indian, the affection of his children, the devotedness of his wife, yet this pain was counterbalanced by the interest excited by this amiable group, and selfish feelings yielded to sympathy in Ontario's breast. Still the largest proportion of

his time was spent in his nominal hermitage, or in wandering about its romantic vicinity, attended by his sacred companion, the holy Volume, to whose solid attractions his unveiled mind could now do justice to a certain degree, and from which he derived the greatest comfort and gratification: but he yet found it difficult to restrain the natural enthusiasm of his temper, and to take his part on that cool, steady, undeviating principle, whose effects must be regular, nor admit of fluctuation. A period passed in which he enjoyed a species of satisfaction equivalent in its influence, if not in its vivacity, to any sublunary happiness. He no longer loathed existence; he could think of its being protracted to a lengthened period without dismay; he could contemplate his fellow creatures around him with complacency, though still he could not look far back without shuddering at human nature; but he endeavoured to

withhold a retrospective glance, and the effort was effectual. The calm of intellectual exercise had succeeded the tempest of passion, and produced that degree of content arising from the healthy employment of thoughts, hitherto wasted on the most distracting and useless themes.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE changing season now interrupted the passing and repassing of Ontario to his rocky habitation, it could only be gained at the risk of his life; and when there, to attempt descending from it was still more perilous. Frequent and heavy snow showers were hourly changing the face of the scene, making mountains where only gentle risings had before appeared, and drifting into hollows till they became level with the adjacent surface. From the same cause there was continual danger of the entrance of the cave being wholly stopped up. A heavy fall in the night would probably accomplish this before morning, and perhaps terminate Ontario's life and sufferings by a lingering and dreadful death. Or if he escaped this living inhumation, he was threat-

ened by a scarcely less horrible fate from the intenseness of the cold, which was but slightly counteracted by a contrivance he had executed for enabling him to have a fire. But the heat could not be increased to any effectual height, without producing an inconvenience more than equivalent to its advantages, by melting the snow which had penetrated into the crevices and small apertures above, and bringing down a heavy shower that only ceased with the influence of the warmth. Under these circumstances, Ontario found himself constrained to accede to the friendly importunities of the good pastor, who had urged him to become an inmate at his house, at least till his romantic abode should again become tenable. His new friend had studied his character with the strictest vigilance, and he saw in it that admiration of goodness, that abhorrence of vice, that detestation of guilt, which forbade him to attribute the mystery



that enveloped him to any source connected with depravity of heart; and he was convinced that if indeed Ontario had been hurried, through the temporary violence, of passion into crime, he was, of all creatures, the most to be pitied. With a mind formed to appreciate virtue to excess, and to admit the beatific charms of religion, and yet unable to resist temptation, what acute anguish must he experience in the consciousness of his weakness, what consternation, what disgust:—it was like a maniac being conscious of his insanity. But if the sense of his own fallibility had driven him from the scene of temptation, to a region where he might imagine he should be sheltered from the attacks he was most vulnerable to, if, under that idea, he had condemned himself to exile, the motive must be approved, whatever opinion the means might justify. This wise, this solidly wise man, hoped, by degrees, to wean Ontario from the ro-

manic scheme to which he was devoting the prime of his existence, and to persuade him to resume his place in active life, which, at his age, could scarcely be vacated with propriety. But whenever Bloomfield hinted a suggestion indicative of his opinion on that subject, Ontario relapsed into the depth of gloom, and was long in regaining his placidity.

Several months spent under the roof with this worthy couple, and great part of that period in their society, still left him unchanged on this important point, though in other respects it had the most happy and salutary effect on his mind, which had found a solid source of felicity in the right view he had now attained of the only permanent and unvarying principle of consolation. Guided by his judicious friend, his imagination seemed poised to the true balance, and if, at any time, it inclined with undue preponderance to either extreme, the same steady in-

fluence was ever at hand to restore the equilibrium. Where then could Ontario have been better placed? Yet he thought otherwise, and as the season recurred which admitted of his re-occupying his romantic habitation among the rocks, the inclination to become its tenant revived. It was endeared to him by most affecting recollections. It was *there* “the day-spring from on high” had first visited him.—It was *there* he had first felt the exquisite influence of spirituality opposed to the perverseness of nature,—and it was *there* he had first learnt that existence could be tolerated, though deprived of the blessings he had once believed essential to its endurance. Now, he thought, he could with unmixed pleasure traverse those magnificent scenes, and dwell on those splendid views so much in unison with the holy impressions that possessed his mind—impressions, which the instruction he had received now restricted

from swelling into the visions of enthusiasm, or overpowering him by the terrors of threatened retribution.

Thus confident in his own stability and strength, Ontario, in opposition to his friend's advice, again became an inhabitant of the rocks ; though he almost daily visited the missionary : but at other periods his wanderings extended many miles from his aerial abode.

On one of these excursions he considerably exceeded even the usual extent of his perambulations. Lured on by his desire to attain the summit of a mountain he had never before gained, and from whence he imagined he should command a view that would amply repay his labour, he rested not till he had accomplished his design. He was not disappointed in his expectation, and was further gratified by observing on the opposite side to that which he had ascended, a tract of country wholly new to him. So various were the ob-

jects that claimed his admiration, that his wearied eye soon withdrew itself from the more distant to rest on those that intervened. A prominent scene speedily fixed his whole attention. It was a numerous horde of Indians scattered over a considerable space, where they appeared to have fixed their temporary abode, as evinced by tents and wigwams rising amidst the throng that seemed to have left them in order to assemble in honour of some feast or ceremony. The tract they occupied appeared scarcely half a mile from the base of the mountain on which Ontario stood, and he had not long contemplated them when he became convinced, by certain signs familiar to him, that they were Taw-tongo's band. The next conviction that flashed on his mind was, that they were preparing for the orgies attendant on a human sacrifice!

Wild and horrid yells, and savage peals of ferocious joy, sullied the gale

that wafted them at intervals, even to the spot where Ontario stood. A cold stream seemed to mix with the current of his blood, and send it in a sudden gush to his heart, so overpowering, so acute was the pang he endured, in the certainty that he was not mistaken. He sunk on the earth, and writhed under the agonies of sympathy with the sufferer, whose tortures he thus made his own. He closed his eyes on the dreadful scene, and the next moment resolved to fly far from the sight, the sound, and, if possible, the reflection of it. He was in the act of rising, when a suggestion, the offspring of those holy influences which had for some months been operating on his mind, arrested his intention. Should consideration for *his own* feelings be his first actuating principle?—Was it quite impossible that the utmost exertion on his part, either by importunity, supplication, or reproach, could be of the slightest use? True, all had repeatedly

proved fruitless, but still, could he be justified in neglecting the attempt?

The circumstances of the present sacrifice might vary from those which had rendered his interference unavailing. Perhaps, the barbarians were only glutting their brutality at the expense of some unoffending being, whose destruction was to afford a pretext for their excesses, rather than the gratification of their revenge: in that case, it might be practicable to make some impression on them. Ontario reflected, too, that his sudden appearance among the tribe at such a moment, might have an extraordinary effect, especially on Tawtongo, in whose rugged breast he had awakened all the affection it seemed capable of experiencing. Rapidly did these ideas revolve through Ontario's mind: it was not a moment for cool reflection, nor one in which he could have exercised it: he must precipitately decide, for life hung on the hour; and as, with

velocity, he rushed down the declivity of the mountain towards the plain, he dreaded momentarily to behold the smoke ascending, which should confirm the horrible certainty, that the gradual immolation was commenced.

Breathless, he at length reached the level expanse, when he became convinced, by the general rush of the Indians towards one spot, and the moving mass in which they attended some object, that they were dragging the wretched victim to the stake. A convulsive cry escaped him, and darting forwards with outstretched arms, he skimmed the earth with a swiftness and lightness, that left no trace behind.

And now the vivid dye of Tawtongo's plumes was plainly discernible, and the emblems and badges of his tribe every where appeared.

Ontario had entered their lines, but all were too busy to mark his approach. Inspired by the force of his feelings, and the momentous interest suspended,



as it were, on his breath, supernatural eloquence seemed infused into him, and his brain teemed with an oration which he panted to pour forth. He pictured to himself the touching excitation that awaited him in the person of the devoted prisoner, perhaps bowed down by age and infirmity, or scarcely retaining life, from the ill-usage already sustained, or horror at the consummation of it.—Or it might be helpless youth, or defenceless womanhood, for neither age, nor sex, was a protection against the vengeance of one Indian upon another. His fervour increased every instant, and now he had gained the stream, the wild, turbulent, outrageous torrent of wretches, that were rushing onwards with their victim.—Ontario endeavoured to break through them, nor was the attempt vain. They swiftly fell back at the sight of a figure so unlike what they had ever before seen, for his garb was that of an anchorite, and his countenance they

did not recognize, for it was cleansed from its copper dye, convulsed by agitation, and its lineaments distorted by the agony of apprehension.

His extended arms cleared the way, while the cry of "Tawtongo, Tawtongo," burst vehemently from his lips, and every Indian sprang back as if yielding to the influence of some supernatural being. But ere Ontario reached the chief, his vision was arrested, and his step paralysed, by a sight the least expected, notwithstanding he had prepared his mind, by anticipation of what he might behold. But it had never entered his thoughts that a being of his own *colour* would meet his view, a *fair*, a youthful *female* form, half senseless, wholly incapable of sustaining herself and submitting her shuddering frame, convulsed by agony and horror, to be dragged by her tormentors to the pyre. Dreadful was the revulsion that shook Ontario's soul. He

staggered in his progress, he caught at some object to support him,—but, recovering his momentary distraction, he again darted forwards, and fell prostrate at the feet of Tawtongo.

But his eloquence had forsaken him, the oration he would have delivered had passed from his mind, he could recal no word of it.—Not a sound dropped from his unelosed lips, but breathless, and panting, he elung round the knces of the chief, on whose gloomy countenance he fastened his supplicating eyes, speaking all the torturing apprehensions of his heart. There might be read anguish, that attended the faintness of the hope which looked for clemency from *such* a quarter, and the hovering despair that was ready to overwhelm him if he wholly failed to move the savage.

Tawtongo, who could have met a host of infuriated enemies with undaunted front, was nevertheless dismayed by the sudden appearance, and

extraordinary demeanor of this single unarmed individual. He knew him not, and yielding to the superstition that swayed his mind, believed it was some spirit favourable to the white woman, descended to intercede for her; and affected by a species of terror he could not resist, he endeavoured with scared looks, to extricate himself from the grasp that enthralled him. He succeeded by the force with which he sprang back many paces, where, with secret shame he compelled himself to make a stand, and oppose the inclination which would have led him to fly with unbounded precipitation. But, trembling he remained stationary, his terror stricken eye glaring on the object of his apprehension, and his war club raised in a threatening attitude, yet by an arm so palsied, as to render it dubious, if indeed he could have wielded it effectually. Ontario arose, and advanced a few paces, and bending in the supplicating attitude of urgent

entreaty, he with difficulty articulated, "Tawtongo! Oh! Tawtongo,—spare, spare—have mercy, *Ontario* conjures you, *Ontario* to whom you once swore eternal amity!"

His voice, more even than his words, operated to dispel the illusion that had dismayed Tawtongo, and he sustained a stronger revolution of sensations, than seemed consistent with such a nature. Its most amiable part was displayed in his joyful recognition of *Ontario*. Casting away his club, he caught him to his rough bosom with feelings, so far from being mutual, that *Ontario* sickened at the approximation. But it was necessary he should dissemble, he therefore shrunk not from the hateful grasp, but even forced himself to return to it, which he did with the energy of horror, instead of affection. He felt that every thing depended on the influence he could at that moment obtain over the mind of Tawtongo, and perhaps the semblance of

regard for him, might be the means of softening his heart. The progress of the procession had been arrested, from the moment that the chief was accosted by the appalling stranger. The same suspicion of his supernatural mission, had spread through the crowd, and for some moments, the whole attention was withdrawn from the wretched object that had before engrossed it, and who was too much lost to consciousness, to be aware of what had occurred. From the shocking sight which she presented, Ontario steadily averted his eyes: one glance had nearly deprived him of the power to befriend her. He made a violent effort to overcome the impression which had shaken his senses, and at length found words to appeal to Tawtongo, in the most forcible and affecting language in behalf of his victim. No sooner had the chief gained a thorough conception of Ontario's purpose, than the expression of his countenance quickly changed from joy

to indignation. But Ontario was not now to be silenced : his eloquence was re-kindled. He found arguments without end in the cause of persecuted humanity. All the exquisite influence of his recent study, displayed itself in his unanswerable reasoning, his pathetic remonstrance. But to whom were they addressed ? against what were they levelled ?

They were poured on an ear, closed to the beauties of truth—and they were directed against the impenetrable breast of cruelty and revenge ! Reason, understanding, justice, *must* have yielded, but passion and vengeance were invulnerable.

Tawtongo grew momentarily more resentful, while Ontario became wholly at a loss what species of rhetoric to adopt, in order to move his obduracy. Now he endeavoured to suppress every thing like reproach, and confined himself to supplication and entreaty, and then, again bursting forth into exposition, he exclaimed ;—

“ And why, Tawtongo, has this helpless victim been condemned to so dreadful a fate? Were not slavery and servitude, misery enough for her? you were not wont to destine the children of white men to the sacrifice—why then is this devoted being treated with such unusual rigor? Oh! spare her, Tawtongo, spare her if—”

“ Beware, Ontario,” interrupted the Indian, flushed with rage—“ beware lest the storm of my resentment burst upon your head, and overwhelm you at once. The spirit of rage possesses me, go, go white man—you are not safe—yet, yet you know us not—the wild cat long deprived of food, and just beholding the ready prey within his reach, is mild and gentle, compared to us, when we seek to satiate our revenge. That writhing victim whose throes are rapture to my heart, bears the name of the female slave, who gave a potion of death to my great ancestor, Mushikitee—but for *that*, this white man’s child



had lived—she has not offended by her own act, nor is her blood from that of the murderess. Her nation was remote, nor is her lineage the same—we captured her, and she should have been spared to be the wife of Ikimisvoin, the second warrior of our tribe, but the evil spirit prompted her to reveal her name. She knew not that death was in it. No choice was left me, for could I live and suffer one to escape, who bore—”

“Oh! Tawtongo,” interrupted Ontario, “and is this all? A *name!* a mere sound, which you could alter at your will. Change, change the fatal appellation—forget that she ever bore it.” “Away, away,” exclaimed Tawtongo in a voice of thunder, with one arm putting back Ontario, and waving the other for the procession to proceed. Again a cry of horror escaped Ontario, and he darted with the gesture of desperation, towards the victim, whom he seized from the resistless arms of her appalled persecutors, who shrunk back

in consternation at the approach of a being they believed more than mortal. The strong hold suddenly relinquished, the pressure of other arms, and an exclamation in the familiar language she was accustomed to, recalled the unfortunate, to momentary perception. She opened her eyes, and on beholding a being of her own colour, a benignant countenance, a swimming eye; instantaneous and confident hope, that she was saved from impending fate, possessed her whole soul, and with cries of mingled joy and agony, she clung to him with supernatural strength.

At this sight, Tawtongo became furious, and he commanded the tormentors to tear their victim from the arms that dared protect her in opposition to his authority, and commit her at once to the flames. "Then shall they consume me also," cried Ontario loudly and unappalled, "for no human force shall bear her from me to such a fate."

"Then cast them *both* into the

flames,"—vociferated the démoniac Indian, "so let the christian dog suffer for his daring, and with him perish for ever the ignominious name of Marian." Still his emissaries hesitated to obey him with alacrity, though they made a movement towards executing his command. "Marian, Marian,"—repeated Ontario, the thought shooting through his mind, that this name might be perverted, and that Tawtongo might be deceived, or be prevailed on to believe he was—

"*Marian* or *Mary Anne*? say Tawtongo! stop, stop, at least be sure the sound has not misled you—these names may both be called alike, but they are not the same."

"How! not the same? cried the chief, for the first time shewing a slight disposition to attend—a feeling the result of his inveterate prejudice, which made all that related to it of boundless importance, though it would not suffer him to listen for an instant, to what

did not bear on that point. Ontario saw his advantage, and still pressing closely his panting, sobbing, burden, with which he was forced forwards by the ferocious Indians, towards the place of sacrifice,—he cried, “ Tawtongo, only hear me ! you say you have no cause of enmity against this wretched girl, save what regards her name, then surely, surely, if in respect to *that*, you are mistaken, you would not make her suffer ! ”—

“ Mistaken,”—repeated Tawtongo, with a dubious look, at the same time making a signal to suspend the immediate execution of the sentence ; but added—“ It is impossible,—yet still Ontario, by the strict league of amity that once united us, I am bound to hear what thou wouldst say. But think not that my senses can be duped because the mist of ignorance hangs on my mind—It can still penetrate the white man’s cunning.”

Tawtongo was not, in truth, averse to listening, nor wholly indifferent to the issue of the communication; not from any degree of humanity towards the wretched girl, but from a species of affection for Ontario, which made him cherish a wish, that he could, without infringing on his inflexible determination, spare him, and for *his* sake, *her*, in whom he took so deep an interest. Ontario being permitted to speak, first laboured to convince Tawtongo of the difference in the pronunciation of the names, of which the Indian's ear was not susceptible. He then traced them in the sand; Tawtongo knew enough of letters to perceive the variation between the combined name, and that formed by two distinct epithets; but *that* once proved, it remained to be ascertained, whether the unfortunate Marian was, or was not, the namesake of her murderous predecessor. But on this momentous

head all was vain surmise—every clue was lost: no record remained, or probably had ever existed among the Indians, of the precise manner in which her name was written, or should be pronounced; and a few of the oldest Indians could only remember, that a woman, whose name sounded like Marian, had been taken prisoner, and espoused by one of their chiefs, whom she had subsequently poisoned, and had suffered the penalty of her crime in a horrible and lingering death, fifty years since.

All further evidence seemed lost in total uncertainty, and Ontario could only argue on the aggravated cruelty, and injustice, of sacrificing one who was probably free even of the misfortune, which they considered worthy of death.

But on that head, Tawtongo would hear nothing: if it was only *questionable*, she must *die*; for how could the spirits of his ancestors ever cease to

persecute him, should he spare an individual who perhaps bore the name which they had all sworn to extirpate. The fury of his eye returned, and maddened again by the venom that possessed him, he commanded, in a voice that struck dismay to the distracted heart of Ontario, and wholly deprived his hapless load of her fluctuating senses, that the sacrifice should instantly ensue.

This fiat was welcomed by a yell of approbation.



## CHAPTER XV.

A FEW Indians were now observed bearing forwards an aged cripple, the Nestor of the tribe, whom they had brought from his wigwam, to afford all the intelligence he could impart, respecting Mushikitee's wife. Extending his arms, he called aloud:—

“I am a withered oak, my leaves are fallen, and my branches are blighted, but my sap is not quite dried up—and I can tell all that happened when my verdure was in its prime, and my mind retains the image of that adder that destroyed the mighty Mushikitee—the bear of our tribe! the great chief,—surpassing all other chiefs but Tawtongo the Mightiest—the Eagle of Eagles!”

“Be brief,” cried the warrior; “my vengeance will not rest—say speedily



what thou knowest of Mushikitee's wife ! How was she called ?"—

" Marian"—

" Go go," cried Tawtongo, losing all patience,—“ What, dost thou tell us more than we knew before ?”

The old man supplicated to be further heard, and with difficulty obtained attention, when he proceeded with a prolix and metaphorical recapitulation of all that he could remember on the subject in question ; the substance of which was, that he had been the friend of Mushikitee, when first he had married the slave who was his favourite wife—that she had borne him female twins, whom, for his love for her, he had called after her, and to *one* was given the name of *Mary*, and to the other, *Anne*. At this point of the relation, a burst of joy escaped Ontario, and a cry of mingled surprise and sudden recollection, was echoed by the Indians.

Most of them could remember Mary

and Anne, the daughters of Mushikitee—nay, Tawtongo himself had attended at their funerals.

Like a torrent suddenly turned, and forced into another channel, all yielded at once, and were ready to admit that this was demonstration most unquestionable; that Mushikitee's wife had borne the double name of Mary Anne.

Tawtongo's feelings, in one moment, took a new direction; suddenly, he vociferated cries of joy, and with frantic gesticulations of delight, he began dancing round Ontario. The other Indians instantly joined him, and all pranced and bounded about, displaying the wildest gestures of savage rapture.

Ontario, yielding to the overpowering influence of the sudden change in his sensations, was shedding soft and blissful tears over the interesting being he still supported, and who was not in a state to comprehend the happy reverse in her destiny. With soothing

words, and tender solicitude, he endeavoured to recal her distracted senses; and in some degree succeeded, when his attention was claimed by Tawtongo.—He was announcing to the assembled multitude the ordinance he had decreed, and which purported, that the white slave, who, by Ontario's interference, had been rescued from death, was by every law of justice his own; a decision which should be confirmed and rendered indisputable, by the free gift of the prisoner by Tawtongo, in token of his friendship to Ontario. That instead of the feast of the sacrifice, they would now have the marriage-feast—they should not be disappointed of their revelry; their joy should be the same, though the cause was different. Shouts of applause welcomed this declaration, for to the Indians it was totally unimportant whether they rejoiced over the tortures of an innocent victim, or the raptures of a conjugal union.

Ontario was the only person in whom this proposal excited any consternation. It filled him with dismay—but a convenient subterfuge speedily suggested itself.—His anchorite's habit, and his plan of total seclusion, to execute which, he had professedly withdrawn from the Indians, furnished him with evidence of being devoted to a life of penance and mortification; and authorized his representing himself as a religious recluse, who had vowed to forego, for ever, the pleasures and indulgences of this world.

But while he declared the impossibility of his receiving the youthful prisoner as his wife, he nevertheless claimed Tawtongo's promise of resigning her to him, adding, that it was his intention to restore her to her nation, and her friends. Some murmurs were excited by the tenour of this declaration, and some suspicious glances cast on him. Tawtongo looked displeased and doubtful, and, suddenly, seemed to

recollect the unaccountable manner in which Ontario had appeared before him at such a critical moment, and with some slight trepidation of voice, he now alluded to that circumstance, and requested an explanation of it. Ontario instantly perceived, that the influence of superstition was again creeping over this ignorant multitude, who, chiefly from his indifference to all those gratifications which, to their depraved natures, could alone afford excess of pleasure, believed he must be something more than human. The idea thus renewed, strengthened rapidly, and they eagerly embraced the persuasion, that his sudden re-appearance, and the device by which he had contrived to save the christian slave, was the effect of magic. Also, that by his art, he had produced a spell which had operated on her name in such a manner, as to save her from the penalty they had attached to it. These circumstances, with the recollection of the extraor-

dinary way in which he had first joined their tribe—his subsequent assumption of their personal appearance, which they now ascribed to a power of taking what shape he pleased, rejecting the simple fact of his having coloured himself—the success that had attended his exploits in war—all this combined, left them no longer capable of resisting the impression that took possession of their minds.

Their feelings, and the apprehensions they gave rise to, were speedily communicated to each other, and a panic spread through them, which excited one and all to desire nothing so much as the absence of the object who, they believed, might bewitch, distract, and torment them, by magical influence, if they offended him.

Ontario, in the mean time, answered Tawtongo's questions, each preferred with increasing awe and trepidation, in an evasive, mysterious manner, well calculated to augment the suspicion

already excited, and on which he rested his hope of a ready acquiescence to his wish of departing immediately, with the unfortunate being thus thrown on his protection.

Tawtongo lent a willing ear to a general proposal, that Ontario should be permitted to carry off the white girl, and withdraw as soon as possible. The Indians secretly flattered themselves that the offering they thus made to him of the female prisoner, would appease any malignant feelings he might entertain towards them.

He was not long in taking advantage of their sudden passiveness, but first availed himself of the power, which superstition for the moment invested him with, to obtain from the women such articles as were essential to the convenience of his helpless charge, he then hastened to quit the hateful scene.

The relief of tears had now restored poor Marian's comprehension, but still

she clung to Ontario with the energy of terror; the wildness of her looks, and the panting of her heart had not yet subsided, neither had any articulate sentence passed her quivering lips. Ontario bore her in his arms for a considerable distance, when fatigue and heat compelled him to stop: she then made an effort to assist herself, and the assurance from him that they had already lost sight of the Indians, revived those powers of her mind which had for a time been completely paralysed.

Ontario had not attempted to re-ascend the mountain by the abrupt direction which had brought him so speedily to the plain, but he wound round the base in search of a more accessible path, and also with a view the sooner to escape the observation of the Indians, who watched his progress while he remained within sight of their camp.

The sun was declining when On-



tario and his still affrighted companion began to climb the rugged steep; he frequently proposed resting, but she could not be persuaded that she was in safety, till she had gained the summit of the mountain, when wholly exhausted she sunk on the grass.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

FOR some hours Ontario watched by her, supporting her head and sheltering her with his habit from the falling dew. Fatigue produced temporary forgetfulness, but her slumbers were restless and uneasy, still they renewed her strength, and she awoke with power to pursue the way towards Ontario's rocky dwelling, which was yet some miles distant. Favoured by the twilight of a northern summer's sky, superseding the reign of night, they found no difficulty in proceeding. Ontario was familiar with the tract they were pursuing, the country round was chiefly cultivated, and little was to be apprehended from the inhabitants of the wilds, who had fled when their shelter was destroyed. Ontario reflected on the plan it would be proper to adopt

in regard to his charge, and it required little thought to convince him, that the good wife of his friend the Missionary, was the person to whose protection he ought to commit the youthful Marian, till her health and strength were in a state to enable her to attempt regaining her natural friends. He had no doubt that the excellent Mrs. Bloomfield would receive her with open arms on being informed of the affecting particulars which he should impart.

But to proceed to the missionary's dwelling on this occasion was impossible, it being several miles further than Ontario's cavern which they had now nearly gained. It was necessary that they should remain there for some hours at least, to obtain food and rest, which were indispensable to the exhausted sufferer. She expressed no astonishment on reaching the cave at any thing that she saw, seeming susceptible only of the urgent need of repose. Ontario had divided his dwel-

ling into two distinct apartments,—the inner one held his rustic couch on which Marian most gladly reclined, after partaking of the homely food he had to offer her. The floor of the outer division was covered with a mat, on which Ontario stretched himself and slept soundly and peaceably, happy in the conviction that he had done his duty, and that success had crowned his efforts, and most grateful for the strengthening principle which had given impulse to all his exertions.

The singularity of his situation was the first subject that occurred to his waking thoughts,—some uneasiness mingled with his feelings. He wished that Bloomfield were at that moment present, that he might impart to him all that had happened, and commit to his protection the youthful female, who, in him, would find so much more appropriate a guardian for one so circumstanced. But Ontario had no expectation of his friend's seeking him,

as he had never but once visited the cavern, having too many important occupations to admit of his coming so far without some special object worthy of the time it would consume. Ontario now thought of setting off without delay for the abode of the Missionary, and entreating him to accompany him back and receive into his charge the unfortunate who claimed his parental care. Yet to leave her alone in the cave, where she would probably awake long before his return, ignorant of the cause of his absence, when she would perhaps imagine herself deserted in that desolate spot, and give way to the wildest terror.—No, such a measure must not be adopted,—he must patiently wait till her renovated strength would permit her to proceed with him to the Missionary's habitation. He became restless and uncomfortable, and watched the lapse of the hours with anxiety. There was a charge on his mind, it related to a female, and with

that sex he associated all that was most painful and distressing. He wandered in and out of the cavern, unable to remain stationary, yet not venturing to proceed many paces from the entrance, to which he was continually returning with watchful ear, and an eye cast with an expression of impatience towards the spot from whence Marian at length issued. Her aspect was still perturbed, and she moved with the rapid irregular motion of one dubious of where she was, yet resolved to ascertain if any danger threatened her. The moment she perceived Ontario, the sudden recollection of all that had passed burst on her mind, and she sunk at his feet in speechless gratitude, bathing his hands with her tears, and grasping them with the convulsive fervour of inexpressible feeling. Ontario could not behold her without emotion. He affectionately raised her, and with soothing words endeavoured to calm her agitation. By degrees she

became more composed. As her countenance relaxed into its natural complacency, it displayed a pleasing expression of youthful loveliness, which could not be contemplated with indifference, and there needed not the peculiar severity of her early lot to render her interesting. She still suffered pain and indisposition, arising from the barbarous treatment she had endured, and Ontario knew not how to propose the measure he was so anxious to adopt of conducting her to the Missionary. She complained much and seemed incapable of all active exertion. With childish simplicity she gave utterance to her feelings, repeatedly declaring that to be permitted to repose in security was all that she desired. Though apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, her manner was almost infantine, in as much as it evinced a total unconsciousness of any awkwardness in her situation, and the lack of that slight portion of experience, which even at

that age is generally possessed by those who have been at all instructed, or had the advantage of parental care. Her simple story, and the circumstances that had given rise to her misfortune, she related in reply to Ontario's interrogatories on the subject. She was the daughter of a settler, whose abode, contiguous to the territories of the Indians, subjected him to their depredations, should they be inclined to hostility; but for many years he had enjoyed perfect security, and had become fearless and confident. With a view of gain he had engaged with some traders in a mercantile scheme, which called him to a distance from his home, where he left his only child, who had long been motherless, in the charge of the few assistants whom he retained on his farm. One of these unfortunately offended an Indian of Tawtongo's tribe, and the same night a descent was made by the savages on the settler's habitation; his property burnt or de-



stroyed with every living creature, save his daughter, who was borne off by the captors. Their subsequent treatment of her has been sufficiently delineated, if we add, that until her name was revealed, they manifested no personal enmity towards her, but committed her to the superintendency of the women, till she should espouse the warrior to whom they had allotted her. As Marian recapitulated her misfortunes her tears flowed copiously, but they ceased as she dwelt on the termination of her anguish, and her smiles of gratitude beamed on Ontario, whom they warmed to reciprocal satisfaction. The playful innocence of her countenance, and the corresponding artlessness of her speech could not fail to interest him much, both from their entire novelty and their sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of his mind. He had persuaded himself that a high-wrought, splendid education, must of necessity produce sophisticated opi-

nions—the wariness of experience, suspicion, dissimulation, and all those worldly concomitants, supposed to be attendant on a knowledge of mankind. This idea had first led him to expect in the other extreme, what he had vainly sought for in civilized life, and had herded him with savages, who soon convinced him of his mistake. But now he was inclined to think that in the gentle Marian he saw a medium between the two excesses.—She had been bred in total seclusion, free from all commerce with the world, and from the contamination of society. She had probably received *some* education, which raised her above entire ignorance, and thus placed her at an equal distance from the depravity of the savage, and the duplicity of the worldling. He led her further to converse, and was more and more surprised and amused, by the extreme simplicity of her replies, and the perfect satisfaction

with which she encouraged the idea of remaining some time where she was—a design plainly indicated by the language of her complaints, which seemed to preclude the possibility of exertion. But they now appeared wholly confined to her frame; for her mind betrayed no traces of the strong emotions so lately experienced: on the contrary, childish hilarity had taken its place. She was extremely amused with the strangeness of her abode, made curious observations on every object that met her eyes, and asked innumerable questions, which Ontario found some difficulty in answering, while he still continued to make comparisons to the advantage of Marian. To propose to her to remove on that day he thought would be inhuman; but he trusted that the next morning her strength would be sufficiently renovated to permit of her repairing to the residence of the Mis-

sionary. Meantime he endeavoured to represent the advantages and comforts of the situation he had in view for her till such measures could be adopted as would promise her ultimate restoration to her father. He, it appeared, was not expected to revisit his home for several months, and would probably for that period remain ignorant of his calamity, as in the remote region to which his business carried him no communications were received of what was passing at a distance. But to all Ontario said respecting her removal, Marian only replied, " Let me rest here.—The Indians will not find me here—Oh! let me rest—I am very weary—I cannot walk—my limbs ache sadly—my feet are sorely blistered—only let me rest!" Her eyes again became tearful as she urgently repeated her request. Such an appeal could not be withstood by Ontario. His eyes glistened also as he

thought of all that she had suffered :  
he sought only to restore her smiles,  
and administer, as far as his limited  
means would admit of, to her com-  
fort and convenience.



## CHAPTER XVII.

BUT the next day, and the next, she appeared equally unable and reluctant to make the necessary exertion; and Ontario's uneasiness hourly increased; while Marian's serenity assumed that settled air arising from being habituated to a situation that is agreeable. He only found her in tears when *he* had absented himself for any time, but they ceased when he re-appeared; and she conjured him not to leave her so long, lest the Indians should come to her.

This apprehension she vehemently repeated with cries and sobs when he proposed leaving her, in order to seek the friend to whose charge he wished to commit her, and to arrange with him some plan for transporting her to a more eligible abode.—She clung to

him, and declared she would strive to crawl after him if he attempted to go so far from her, though she knew she should die on the road. The measure, therefore, for the present, must be relinquished, at least with her knowledge. But the exhausted state of his store of provisions would soon make it necessary to repair to the village; and he determined to do so after Marian had retired to rest.—He could arouse his friend Oni Mee, and obtain from him all that he required, and also depute him to inform the Missionary that a circumstance of an extraordinary nature had occurred, which rendered it most desirable that he should repair to the cavern if it was in his power. Having arranged this plan in his mind, Ontario felt more satisfied; but he was not compelled to put it in practice that night, nor the next, as his provisions held out, by the aid of his own exertions with his arrow and his fishing rod, to procure such as

was within his reach : the short distance that he proceeded on these occasions Marian would accompany him, though she declared her incapacity of walking further. During this period Ontario questioned her much respecting the manner in which she had been brought up, and he found that she had received scarcely any instruction on points of the utmost importance. She said she could read, but had never read in any book but the one she had learnt from under her father's tuition. He had also taught her to write a little, but for some years he had been very little with her, and she had been left wholly to the care of a female servant, who, she said, was very cross to her, and often used her ill. Ontario asked her what persuasion she was educated in. She did not comprehend him till he more clearly explained his meaning, when she replied, that the Indians called her a Christian.



“ And were you such in its full acceptance,” thought Ontario, “ that would be all sufficient ; but you little know what it means.”

He further interrogated her on this theme. She said she had heard of a book called the Bible, but she had never seen it. She knew it was all about religion, but her father told her, that if she said a prayer which was at the end of her spelling book every night and morning, when she had time, and did as he bade her, she would be sure to go to heaven.—“ And do you say that prayer ?” inquired Ontario. “ When I have time,” she simply returned, and continued, “ but since the Indians took me away I have never had time.”—“ How !” rejoined Ontario ; “ do you not know that you have more reason than ever to pray since then, and to be grateful for your providential deliverance ?”

She looked at him with a vacant

expression, and he endeavoured to render his meaning more clear and forcible, when she suddenly looked brighter, and quickly retorted—" But there was nothing about thanks for being saved from Indians in the prayer I used to say." Ontario thought there was some ingenuity in this answer; it presented a ready excuse for her having omitted to say the prayer, and also a clear conception of what her prayers ought to express under such circumstances, and he returned with animation, " I will teach you some prayers that will suit all occasions."

" Are they very hard to learn?" she inquired with a serious look. Without regarding her question, Ontario continued, " And I will tell you *why* you ought to pray, and *who* He is that has commanded you to pray."

" You are a priest," she observed.—  
" I saw a priest once, but he was not the least like you. He was very old

and ugly :—he had been among the Indians, and he came to us, and he talked a great deal about what I could not understand ; and my father said it was all nonsense, and I forget it all, except that he said priests could not marry, and I thought him a very miserable old man.”

Ontario would perhaps have smiled at this *unsophisticated* observation, and have made some illiberal reflections respecting females in general, and the views which seemed instinctive to their minds, but his thoughts had taken a different direction, and became abstracted for a few moments. Marian probably alluded to some missionary of the Romish church : it was evident that she thought Ontario was of the same persuasion, and bound by similar vows, and he did not undeceive her, being anxious that she should retain every impression which could excite her veneration and respect for him.

On further questioning her, he found that she had never attended a place of worship, there being none of any description within sixty miles of her native residence; that her father was wholly devoted to the pursuit of wealth, and probably ignorant himself of those religious and moral principles which it was obvious he had never instilled into the mind of his child.

“ But,” thought Ontario, “ what a subject is here presented for improvement by instruction to a certain point.—She has apparently a lively imagination, a susceptible heart,—nothing wanting but a moderate degree of cultivation, founded on the basis of religious precepts. How pleasing a task to afford those precepts!—How delightful to witness the gradual effects of such cultivation! Here, remote from every human eye—seen only by Him who knows the purity of

my motives, no invidious reflections could be excited by my assuming the character of instructor to this unfortunate female. What if I retain her, as is evidently her wish, till I have at least succeeded in impressing on her mind the importance of those truths of which she is now so totally ignorant!—But the Missionary—is he not of all men best calculated for such an office? Doubtless, in regard to the generality of human beings; but on a young and timid female the lessons of one in whose favour she had conceived a prejudice, founded on the deep claim of gratitude, might have the strongest influence. He mused on this idea till he became more and more enamoured of it, and almost persuaded himself that supernatural influence had been the means of throwing Marian on his protection, in order that he should prove the humble instrument of her eternal advantage. That very even-

ing he commenced his office; but made little progress, being continually interrupted in his steady purpose by questions from Marian, irrelevant to the subject he wished to enforce. He could only fix her attention when he struck on some chord that affected her feelings: the moment he dwelt with solemnity on any solid religious tenet, or moral deduction, she stared at him with an absent look or a weary aspect. Then he blamed himself for plunging at once into themes above her comprehension, and admired the innocence by which she betrayed the little relish she as yet had for them, instead of affecting to understand what he was persuaded must be unintelligible to a capacity so little cultivated.—No, he would begin on a different plan, and gradually excite a taste for instruction. He then endeavoured to interest her by the story of Joseph and his brethren, and succeeded, as he thought, in fixing her whole mind on

it; but while he was dwelling on Joseph's situation when deserted by his brothers and consigned to the pit, she suddenly exclaimed, " And oh! Joseph was just like you! I know he was—I felt certain of it all the time you were telling about him.—He had just such eyes, just such lips, and just such curly hair—and they left him in the pit." She repeated, bursting into tears, " Oh I would have killed them—I would have killed them every one with my own hand."

Ontario's powers of narration were completely confounded by this unexpected issue to the impression he had laboured to excite, and he was quite at a loss how to continue, and where to resume the relation. At length he said, " It matters little whom Joseph might resemble; his situation claims all the commiseration it excites in your breast; and I have no doubt, Marian, that you would have felt as much for him, considering him as a human crea-

ture in the most desolate state, even had his person been as little interesting as the ugly old priest whom you once saw." " I am sure I should *not*," she promptly retorted, suddenly drying her eyes, and regarding him with astonishment at his having suggested such an idea. Ontario was again perplexed, and called on to enlarge in a strain to which he felt very unequal, in order to convince Marian of the impropriety of her sentiments ; but it was in vain : he found it impossible to persuade her that she ought to feel as much compassion for the " ugly old priest," were he plunged into calamity, as for him (Ontario). At length he yielded the point of *feeling*, allowing that gratitude, and the peculiar circumstances in which he had been so happy as to befriend her, might give him a deeper interest in her heart ; but still there was no possible plea on which she could be justified in doing less to succour the old priest, if it were in her



power, than she would do for him, as her utmost exertions were due in aid of every human being in misfortune, independent of any claim which gratitude or affection might give them. Marian could not comprehend this species of logic, and persevered in repeating that she was sure she should not take much trouble about the old priest, but she would die to save Ontario the slightest pain.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Marian retired to rest, Ontario pursued the train of thought she had created in his mind. The longer he dwelt on the ideas that presented themselves, the more dissatisfied did he become, till his sensations amounted to intense suffering, and he suddenly determined to go at once to Omi Mee, and through him entreat the Missionary to repair to the cavern the next day. He felt scrupulous about disturbing the latter at such an unusual hour, and therefore proposed having recourse to the medium of Omi Mee. At length he once more took the road to the Christian village, and congratulated himself on the resolution that had carried him thus far. It was a calm and lovely night ; the rays of a

brilliant moon gave full effect to those familiar objects which Ontario could not behold without emotion, while his ideas floated over the tide of events which had passed since he had last traversed that scene. As he proceeded, his feelings yielded to the influence of the tranquil images around him, and were no longer turbulent and agitated. He soon became astonished at the disorder that had so lately affected him and excited him to act so precipitately. He began to question his own stability, not because he now wavered in the intention he had set out with, which in truth was the case, but because he had so hastily formed that *intention*, and, as he now thought, on too slight grounds.—How little perseverance had he shewn? But that very morning he had been delighted with the project of instructing Marian; and now, after only one solitary essay, he was going to relinquish the task, and neglect the opportunity.

of being more essentially serviceable to her than he had ever yet been. How inconsistent was this with the rule of action he had laid down for himself. How could he be justified in casting off a creature who had been providentially thrown on his protection, and who so fully required the instruction it was in his power to afford her?—And what pretext had he for avoiding this imperious duty?—what plea sufficiently strong to supersede such a claim? None, assuredly, but what his own weakness of mind conjured up and rendered formidable.—Yes, certainly he was acting too hastily;—but he would go to Omi Mee, and procure what he required of him; and perhaps too it would be as well to depute him to tell Bloomfield that he (Ontario) was in health, and ———. And *what*? Ontario mused, what should he say to account for his not appearing for so long a time? Undoubtedly nothing

but the truth :—he should wish his friend to know the whole adventure ; so liberal a mind, so Christian a spirit, could not but approve all that he had done and all that he further wished to effect ; he should receive the sanction of that excellent man in support of his project, which would thus be rendered thoroughly satisfactory to himself. These reflections brought him to the door of Omi Mee's dwelling. He had little difficulty in arousing the worthy inhabitants, and he received a double welcome, owing to the apprehensions that had been excited by his long absence. He was speedily supplied with every thing that he required, and hastened to depart, that he might not longer intrude on their hours of rest. But he had not yet mentioned Bloomfield, yet he had not forgotten him, and he lingered while he thought, “ I believe I am right.—It will be impossible for *Omi Mee* to explain all that has

occurred, even were I clearly to relate it to him.—I must think of some better plan for making it known to my friend;—there is no occasion for this precipitation.”

Omi Mee, satisfied with seeing him again, had expressed no curiosity relative to the cause of his absence, perceiving he was inclined to taciturnity on that subject. Ontario wished him good night many times, while he still debated and hesitated; and even when the door had closed, and he had reached the termination of the little garden, he returned half the length of it, thinking, “Yes, I will fulfil the whole of my purpose——. Nay, nay, Omi Mee will think me mad.” Again he turned and soon left the village far behind him; but his heart had been lighter on entering it. The result of his subsequent meditations was a determination to persist in his plan of instructing Marian, and to give it at least a fair trial. Accordingly, for se-

veral successive days he persevered systematically in his design, from which he at times derived extraordinary satisfaction; but few of the lessons passed in the course of which Marian did not utter some observation of a similar character to that she had expressed on the subject of Joseph and his brethren; and Ontario never failed to find equal grounds for admiring her simplicity and artlessness.—Yet much time had not elapsed when he again began to feel unhappy, and to question whether indeed he had adopted the very best of all schemes for Marian's advantage, and finally to wish for the Missionary.—He was pensively leaning against a crag of granite, near the entrance of the cave, tracing the variations of his mind within a short period, while Marian sung wildly but sweetly among the rocks, when from his elevated station he plainly perceived the venerable figure of the missionary advancing

along the shore ; and from the dubious air with which he from time to time halted to examine the acclivity, Ontario was persuaded that his purpose was to ascend and seek him out. The utmost trepidation took possession of his breast : apprehension, distress, overpowering confusion, wholly unaccountable to him, filled his mind with consternation and dismay, which left him scarcely master of himself. He called loudly on Marian, who flew to obey the unusually authoritative summons, and was hurried by him with breathless velocity towards a distant recess, in which he bade her conceal herself ; and as she valued his regard, his happiness, his future services ; not to attempt to appear till he came to fetch her from her hiding place. But she, suddenly possessed by the most extravagant fears at the thought of his leaving her, and by his strange and agitated deportment, clung to him with screams of terror, nor could be induced, by any



persuasion, or solicitation, to remain where she was alone. He then only conjured her to be silent, and promised to continue with her till she might venture to quit her concealment—Marian's amazement was painted on her countenance, but she did not presume to interrogate. Ontario was certain Bloomfield had not discerned him. He would probably seek him in the cavern, and on not finding him there, or awaiting him in vain, retire. But why in vain? had not Ontario long been wishing, above all things, for an opportunity of communicating with that good man? and he did so still—but felt overwhelmed with a dread of the strictures, the suspicions, the conclusions which his conduct might seem to authorise—all reliance on the liberality, the charity and indulgence, of his friend, in a moment vanished, and he only thought of his penetration, his experience, his knowledge of the human heart, and he felt

distressed beyond measure at the idea of being confronted with him, and compelled to explain, what was in fact so simple a tale. He felt an universal tremor through his frame, and thought of what would have been his feelings had Bloomfield surprised him with his innocent companion, unprepared for such a sight.—What would his friend have imagined? or how could he have been persuaded of the purity of those motives which had been *concealed* from him. But why neglect this opportunity of revealing every thing! Ontario felt it impossible to attempt the task on that occasion—his agitation, his confusion, and incoherence, would bear every appearance of guilt, and the conviction that it did so, complete the impression. The resounding rocks soon echoed the name of Ontario. It was the voice of his friend calling vehemently, and urgently on him. Ontario's disorder amounted almost to distraction, while

he grasped the arm of his companion and enforced silence by glances, far more imperative than words. Marian had no inclination to disobey, on the contrary, her utmost dread was of discovery—apprehending that whoever might surprise them, would be the means of separating her from Ontario, which was in her estimation, an evil of such magnitude, as to exclude every other terror from her mind.

The voice of the Missionary gradually receded, it seemed to die away in plaintive disappointment. It struck on Ontario's ear like the low repinings of a guardian spirit grieving at his obduracy. He started from his concealment, and proceeded a few hurried paces, then stopped and clasped his hands together with impassioned fervor, and ejaculated a few unintelligible words—but his resolution was fixed. he still lingered in the covert for some time, when he ventured to climb an adjacent eminence, from whence he

perceived his friend, far advanced on his return to the village. Gloom had now replaced perturbation in Ontario's countenance. He slowly emerged from amidst the rocks that had concealed them, apparently unmindful of Marian, who followed him closely in silence. Wholly lost in thought, he proceeded onward, nor turned to assist her even in the most rugged passes, till she called on him piteously and burst into tears; unable to control her distress at his estranged, and altered manner.— He started round, and extended his hand to her, but when, eager to forgive him, she familiarly leaned on his arm, as she was accustomed to do in their walks, and smiled on him through her tears, he averted his eyes, and almost shrunk from her touch. Her sorrow redoubled, while again and again she entreated him to tell her why he was so angry with her; nor could his assertions to the contrary, persuade her that she had not offended him, while

his aspect towards her retained so unusual an expression. On reaching the cavern he entreated her to retire, and to endeavour to compose herself.—Left alone to his meditations, he pursued them without interruption.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE leading idea, immediately conducting to the train of thought which followed, was one grounded on a deep rooted prejudice, which persuaded him that wherever a *female* was concerned, in whatever scene *she* formed a prominent character, wherever *her* influence had sway—*there* mischief, misery, and reproach, would inevitably attend, or follow ! But why did he fly, and feel like a criminal at the approach of the Missionary ? Why had not the consciousness of rectitude, the boldness of unimpeachable innocence, supported him fearlessly under every suspicious appearance ? He was not guilty, then why had he fled and sought concealment like his first parent, as if in dread of detection, shame, and infamy ? How could he account for these feelings,

especially when he had been acting, as he thought, in the most exemplary manner towards the friendless Marian? But he could no longer conceal from himself, that the general cast of his mind had sustained a revolution, which had been gradually accomplished during the period that Marian had been his guest. His high zest for spiritual pleasures was abated : when attempting to pursue his late favourite studies, his thoughts wandered : his mental exercise was no longer of so excursive, nor so animated, a description as it had been : his ideas were confined to a narrow span, beyond which he had ceased to feel any attraction. The *present* took up more of his thoughts than the *future* : earthly objects predominated over celestial prospects ; he felt the actual enjoyment of the former, while the latter seemed distant and visionary, and to have considerably receded as the spirituality of his mind had decreased. The vivacity of his imagination, well

directed, had brought holy images close to him ; but as the influence of truth died away, or rather slumbered, they were cast at an immeasurable distance, and with them peace, cheerfulness, and confiding hope. Their places were possessed by perturbation, restlessness and doubt, for he continually mistrusted the principle by which he was actuated. He reviewed his sensations, they had neither partaken of comfort, nor entire satisfaction, since the night he had returned from Omi Mee's cottage, after executing only *half* his design. Temporary pleasure had occasionally dazzled his senses, vivid delight had sparkled for a moment on his heart, but so brief had been the dominion of those feelings, it could scarcely be said that they had reached his mind : and yet for *these*, he had sacrificed his store of solid enjoyment. For all this he could in no way account but by ascribing it to the malignant influence of that sex, whose



very atmosphere was woe, and evil destiny. It was impossible he could have any sentiment for Marian more tender, than her misfortunes would have justified in the least susceptible breast ; it was *her* welfare alone that he regarded in all that he designed for her advantage, his own feelings had no part in it, then why were they now so unaccountably affected? And that those steady principles of his mind, which he thought so firmly fixed, should be in the least degree interfered with, (he would not say *shaken*, that would have been erroneous,) alarmed and distressed him above all. The natural fervour of his soul rekindled by this vigorous self-arraignment. He suddenly admitted the suggestion, that the youthful Marian had been made the instrument of trial to his virtue, and integrity, and was destined to convince him, that, however he might imagine the seclusion he had chosen, and the ~~way~~ of life he had adopted, placed him

beyond the power of temptation to err, there was no situation in which he could derive certain security from any source but the rectitude of his own heart, the strength of principle on which it was founded, and that far higher power which alone could insure its stability. "No, no," Ontario mentally repeated—"there is no shelter from temptation, but that which we have within; we are never beyond the possibility of sin—we are never without the power—and alas! I fear never without the inclination, if we cease to oppose and wrestle with it. This night no earthly power shall prevent my seeking my friend, and revealing to him all my weakness; and to-morrow I will for ever resign to his fatherly protection, that unfortunate being, whom I can no longer regard but as the chosen agent of the great enemy of mankind, to lure me to destruction." He did not again waver in his resolution. Poor Marian little suspected the

tendency of those uneasy thoughts, in which she still appeared lost, when he again beheld him. She continued to weep in silence, after having vainly importuned him, regarding the change she witnessed in his deportment, and which affected her so severely. Frequently, in a tone of solicitude, and deep regret, he conjured her to dry her tears, and rest satisfied that she had not offended him. But he approached her not, nor took her hand with that kind affectionate look, and manner, he was wont to evince whenever she appeared afflicted; however trifling the cause. Ere she retired for the night, her feelings became quite uncontroulable, and the wildest fears took possession of her breast. She fell on her knees before Ontario, supplicating him not to desert her, but declaring that she had the strongest apprehension, from his cruel looks, and extraordinary demeanor, that such was his intention. She implored him rather to kill her at

once; and with torrents of tears she continued—“For tho’ now I know that you hate me, and despise me, because I am so foolish and ignorant, yet I still love you the same, and would far rather die, than be separated from you—Oh! you will not leave me, will you?” She repeated in the most piteous tone. “You, my only friend, what would become of me—Oh! why did not you let the Indians burn me—they would have given me less pain than your chilling looks.”

“Marian, Marian,” cried Ontario, raising her with his trembling hands. “You distract me. How can you, for a moment, harbour such injurious doubts of me? how have I merited such cruel suspicions?—yes Marian, I will not only befriend you myself, but I will secure you other friends, such as you cannot, need not, doubt.”

“I want no friend but you—Oh! Ontario, get me no other friend—pardon my wickedness in uttering such

dreadful thoughts—I know, I know, you will not leave me—get me no other friends, Ontario, I am satisfied, I am quite satisfied—I never suspected you—No, no, indeed, indeed I did not, only I wanted you to assure me that you loved me too dearly to leave me, and I thought if I reproached you, it would make you tell me so.”

“Go innocent creature,”—returned Ontario, “go to rest, and pray for a better guardian than I am.”

---

## CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Marian had retired, Ontario felt as if he had safely passed the fiery ordeal, by which demoniac malice had sought to work his destruction. He was still agitated and miserable, but he did not falter in his purpose and was soon on the way to Bloomfield's residence. The consideration of disturbing his friend, at so unusual an hour, he now thought of little weight compared with his reasons for adopting that measure. Though from the time he had formed his resolution, he had pondered on the best method of introducing the extraordinary communication he had to make, he was still at a loss on that head, when the missionary's residence stood before him. And now his agitation and distress redoubled at every step, scarcely had he the power

of arousing the peaceful inhabitants, whom he almost wished might remain deaf to his summons. At length the good pastor looked forth from his chamber window, and demanded the cause of such unusual disturbance. Ontario attempted to speak, but was for a few moments incapable of utterance, when he tremulously announced his name.

“ Ontario !” his friend repeated in joyous accents, “ most welcome at any hour. I will admit you instantly.”

Ontario did not become calmer when he felt his hand firmly grasped in Bloomfield’s, nor could he yet attempt accounting for his unexpected intrusion. The good Missionary, who really thought, from his aspect and demeanor, that some dreadful calamity had befallen him, and driven him thus suddenly to fly for instantaneous aid, conjured him to give expression to his feelings. His solicitous exclamations at length provoked a reply from On-

tario, who, in faltering accents, implored forgiveness for the alarm and disturbance he had occasioned, adding, " but I have much to tell you, if you could hear me with your wonted patience." Further encouraged by his friend's indulgent manner, he at length plunged at once on the adventure that had given rise to his present feelings. The leading circumstances could be imparted in five minutes, though five hours would scarce have sufficed to describe all the sensations that had attended and succeeded them.

He had rescued a female prisoner from the barbarity of the Indians. Well, what was there in that to account for his present behaviour? but Bloomfield waited for further particulars : he concluded that Ontario had been wandering during all the period that had elapsed since he had seen him, and that this event had occurred in the course of his pilgrimage. Ontario paused so long that his friend



began to think the relation was terminated, and he rejoined—

“ And you had the happiness of restoring this unfortunate girl to her friends ?”

Ontario's agitations returned—he often attempted to speak, and, after many ineffectual efforts, simply articulated “ No.”

Bloomfield looked surprised, but did not hazard an interrogation ; when Ontario avowed his anxiety to place his charge under proper protection, had led him to seek his friend at that time. The Missionary expressed the utmost readiness to meet his wishes, and eagerly demanded where he had left the unhappy female, whom he concluded he had but recently rescued ? Ontario replied, that she was unable to bear the fatigue of continuing her route to the village, he had therefore left her in the cavern. This answer confirmed the inference of his friend. Ontario was immediately aware that

he had led him into an error, and blushed to own his indulgence to deception. With a desperate effort that did honor to the candor of his heart, he exclaimed, "She has been at the cave *three weeks*." Thus, after all his meditated preparation, did he announce the fact which he knew must confound him in the presence of his friend.—The good man started at the purport of Ontario's last words, and gazed on him with an intent and serious look.

• Ontario stood motionless, his eyes cast on the ground, his cheeks stained with the hue of confusion. Both continued for some moments totally silent—when Ontario raised his eyes, which steadily met those of his friend, and he pronounced in a low but firm tone—"You wrong me." The Missionary calmly replied, "You wrong yourself," then continued, "the perturbation and disorder you have betrayed would lead one less experienced than I am to think you guilty; but I know that shame

and confusion are not always the concomitants of crime, nor *vice versa*, it oftener exists with hardened desperate firmness. The evidences of emotion cling to the consciously weak, who dread the inclination to commit evil which they are actually free from. I wrong you not, my friend—feel I reliance on the purity of your heart, though I would mistrust the vehemence of your feelings. But fear not arraignment from me—the mercy I need and hope for myself, I will endeavour to shew to others. Open your soul to me, I have felt too much of the weakness of human nature not to commiserate those exposed to its trials.”

An address so different from the reproachful strain of suspicion and mistrust, which he feared his conduct must excite, quite overpowered Ontario ; he grasped the hands of his friend in speechless gratitude, nor could withhold the hasty tears that fell on them.

Brushing them away, he struggled to recover himself, and soon poured into the faithful bosom which could so keenly feel for him, all the anxiety and distress connected with the late adventure.



## CHAPTER XXI.

THE penetrating mind of the Missionary was well skilled to trace the perplexing labyrinth of self-deception; but he did not alarm Ontario by unveiling all that was evident to him. He commended him for the resolution he had at length taken, and made no comments on his scheme of instructing Marian; as Ontario himself confessed that he thought it abortive in his hands; and attempted not to conceal the uneasiness of mind, the distraction of thought, which had been engendered by this new interest to his feelings, and deplored the interruption it formed to his more solid enjoyments. His friend bade him not despair of speedily recovering a healthy tone of mind—"when," continued Bloomfield, "you

will be more grateful than ever for the zest you are permitted of spiritual things and mental delights, and convinced that it is the first of gratifications. All other sensations are but partially satisfactory ; they leave an expectant unfinished impression on the mind—a sort of looking for something which never arrives—an imperfect anticipation of we know not what—the feeling dies away gradually, but never meets with full indulgence ; while, on the contrary, all enjoyments connected with the purely religious and moral sentiments of the heart, seeming alike to emanate from, and to enter, in Heaven, fill the whole scope of our capacity for blessedness. We look not elsewhere—it seems as if eternity were come, and hope and expectation no longer essential to our joys.”

How soothing to Ontario's troubled spirit was the salutary conversation of his friend ; he seemed restored to his former self while listening to the tran-

quillizing strain of the Missionary, and only eager to convince him, that he could comprehend and feel all that he delineated.

The arrangements respecting Marian were speedily determined on. Bloomfield was to repair to the cavern the next day, from whence he was not to depart without her. He had a little vehicle which he could appropriate to the purpose of transporting her on the way without fatigue. He also proposed that his wife should accompany him, to receive Marian immediately under her maternal care. He advised Ontario, in the meantime, to return to the cave, and as soon as Marian should appear in the morning, apprise her of the steps he had taken in order to promote her comfort and welfare, and endeavour to convince her how essential to her advantage was the plan he had adopted.

“ Thus,” continued the Missionary, “ her reason being convinced, I trust

her inclination will not oppose it, and we shall avoid acting with any appearance of violence, which would be injudicious and perhaps fruitless. Her deference for you will convince her that whatever you propose must be right, and render her eager to meet your wishes ; while all my rhetoric on the subject would probably prove ineffectual, as I have as yet no claim to her attention or regard. Thus prepare her to expect us, and we shall have little to do when we arrive. We shall be with you early in the day. As for yourself, Ontario, my confidence in you is now unbounded. I have seen that you are above deception, nay that you would scorn even to deceive your own heart, was it in the power of man always to resist self-delusion ; but being convinced that it is not, you mistrust yourself, and on that apprehension is your security founded. He who fancies his strength equal to any trial, will often find he is mistaken when



putting it to the test. This is a species of presumption which renders us unmerciful to others and unjust to ourselves, in as much as it exposes us to temptations we may be unequal to cope with, though we have condemned others for yielding to them."

Ontario slowly retraced his way to the cavern. He suffered much perplexity of thought, vainly attempting to project any means of reconciling Marian to the change that awaited her, and to which he feared she would be obstinately averse. Day had dawned by the time he reached the retreat, and he was much surprized and alarmed on perceiving the aperture conducting to the interior, and which had a security from intrusion by a substitute for a door, now presenting free access by the removal of the defence, which instantly led him to conclude Marian was not within. He called vehemently on her name; but his own voice alone broke the silence, and with augmented appre-

hension he passed into the inner division of the cave—but he sought in vain for Marian. The rocks now echoed with the terrified call, and Ontario, with throbbing heart and palid cheek, swiftly sprang from crag to crag, when to his inexpressible relief, the responsive cries of Marian fell on his ear, and the next moment, with an aspect of mingled terror, joy, and reproach, she rushed on his view, and flying to his extended arms, sunk breathless and speechless on his shoulder. After a violent flood of tears, she accounted for the alarm she had caused him, and the still greater she had herself experienced, by informing him that she had awoke under a strong idea, excited by his behaviour during the day, that he had deserted her, and left her alone in the cavern. She could not resist ascertaining if indeed her fears had grounds, when on seeking him in vain, she had been seized with all the natural terror such circumstances were calculated to

excite, and had fled among the rocks, seeking and calling on him in agony.

As he led her back, Ontario endeavoured, and not vainly, to sooth and pacify her. He then seized the opportunity, in accounting for his absence and explaining its motives, to prepare her for the arrangement he had made for her advantage. But she was no sooner aware of the extent of his design than she relapsed into unbridled sorrow, and was deaf alike to the voice of stern reason, or gentle expostulation. Ontario endeavoured to arouse her affection for her father, and represented her removal now as a leading step towards her subsequent restoration to her parent. The latter observation rather increased than lessened her affliction ; and, when Ontario reproached her for evincing so little natural affection, she declared her father had not been half as kind to her as he was, and therefore she was sure she ought to love him best to whom she owed most.

“ How innocent,” thought he, “ how genuine, how exclusive, is this amiable creature’s attachment to me ! how different from that tempered, politic, representation of love, which feels just as it ought to do on all occasions, and is adulterated with every worldly consideration that may check or direct it, as *convenience* prompts.”

He spoke to Marian of the pleasure she would derive from the society of one of her own sex, and of the maternal tenderness she would receive from the kind female who was prepared to treat her as a daughter ; but Marian said she had never known but one woman of her own colour, and had been used ill by her. Marian continued — she did not wish for such a companion ; no — all she desired, all she implored of Ontario, was to permit her to be his servant. She could cook his provisions, she could make him savory food, for *that* she had been taught, and she could make his abode always comfort-

able for his reception. She would be silent when he looked grave, and she would talk when he smiled; she would do all that he required her to do, if she might but be permitted to remain with him.

Ontario was affected—distressed beyond measure. To endeavour to convince her of the impropriety of her situation seemed to him a species of sacrilege, as that would be imparting to her a degree of knowledge and experience, which would acquaint her with the deceitfulness of the heart, and the censoriousness of the world, and break that charm of entire innocence which, he believed, sprang from her total unconsciousness of the very existence of evil. While he was further debating with himself—what he could say to reconcile her to that which was inevitable, his ideas were thrown into confusion by the unexpected tenor of Marian's next address.

“I know,” she continued, weeping

violently, "I know that because you are a priest you cannot marry ; but I can be your servant, there can be no harm in that—only let me be your servant ?"

Ontario was startled : *marry !* who had talked—who had thought of *marrying* ? or who had suggested that there would be any *harm* in her being his servant ? he had scrupulously avoided even hinting such an idea.

Here was another of those *unsophisticated* observations from Marian, for which he was at a loss to account. He was still pondering on it with increasing uneasiness, when he descried Bloomfield and his wife approaching along the shore. A scene of the most painful description ensued. It required little less than violence to induce Marian to yield to his expostulations, and permit herself to be conducted to the worthy couple, who on a signal from Ontario remained stationary ; he being anxious to save his friend the fatigue of ascending the rocks. Mrs.

Bloomfield occupied the vehicle before mentioned, impatient to share it with the interesting object that had been described to her, and who, bathed in tears, with downcast eyes and heaving breast, she now beheld reluctantly drawn forward by Ontario. His promise to accompany her the whole way, alone could tempt her to advance at all. The conciliating tenderness with which Mrs. Bloomfield received her, and all her gentle endeavours to sooth an excess of affliction, the source of which she did not fully comprehend, made little apparent impression on Marian, who remained obstinately speechless, and only breathed sighs and sobs of unutterable grief. The Missionary did not attempt to address her, while she continued in this state ; knowing that whatever *he* might urge would prove unpalatable, and excite disgust, and he left to Ontario the task of endeavouring to arouse her reason, sensible that he at that moment was

the only person likely to have any influence over her : But even his eloquence was vainly exerted, it was long ere he could extort a single word, and then it was only an agitated whisper of

“ Why did you not let the Indians burn me ? ”

Arrived at their destination, neither the variety of the scene, nor the novelty of the objects that every where presented themselves had the power of attracting her attention—no visible influence was produced on her by any thing that she saw, or heard, till Ontario attempted to withdraw, when she uttered cries of lamentation, wringing her hands, and declaring that she knew she should never see him again, and that it was his intention to leave her for ever. His solemn promise that he would visit her the next day, corroborated by his companions, at length checked her violence, and he ventured to depart.



## CHAPTER XXII.

Ontario's sensations were of a mixed description as he retraced his path :— there was something soothing and flattering to him in the species of attachment he thought he had excited.— How pure, how artless, yet how vehement ! How delightful was it to be loved for oneself alone ! His situation, his circumstances, had nothing alluring in them to captivate a female mind ; on the contrary they would, in the estimation of most women, have degraded him below their attention—but this innocent creature regarded *him* alone, she gave not a thought to any thing but his own personal identity which comprised all that she loved. Suspicion never entered her mind—she marvelled not at the mystery that enveloped him ;

it never seemed to command a moment of her attention, so boundless was her confidence ; all her desire was to please him, all her happiness in having succeeded.

He re-entered his cavern with a desolate sensation—he looked round it and immediately left it again, and loitered among the adjacent rocks, till the hour of rest. He was more at ease in his mind since he had acted with such decision—his conscience felt absolved, and his self-reproaches silenced, but his heart was not at rest ; it was agitated and anxious. He thought continually of his interesting Marian, at one moment full of grief for what he doubted not she was suffering, and the next, soothed by the grateful conviction that she was thinking only of him.

At an early hour the ensuing day he set out to fulfil his promise of visiting her. At a short distance from the village he met the Missionary, who to his

eager inquiries after Marian, replied that nothing he could say, had as yet made any impression, that she continued weeping whenever he beheld her, and the only words she uttered were, " I wish the Indians had burnt me." She appeared to have taken a perfect antipathy to those about her, so as to render futile every word they addressed to her. " In short," continued Bloomfield, " this unfortunate girl seems to have yielded entirely to the vehemence of an attachment to yourself."

Ontario coloured deeply, and said he hoped his friend was mistaken, and that Marian's regard for him naturally sprang from gratitude, and was probably what she would have experienced for *any* one to whom she owed as much—Ontario added, that he hoped no blame attached to him in his friend's opinion, and that he acquitted him of any design of exciting a sentiment more animated than friendship.

Bloomfield returned, that he had not intended to imply such an accusation. The nature of Marian's feelings was apparent, and he only wished to advise with Ontario on the best method to be adopted under such circumstances. Ontario eagerly replied, that he was ready to accede to any proposal from his friend.

“Then,” rejoined Bloomfield, “I should advise you gradually to cease visiting Marian—see her once or twice, and endeavour to convince her, that she can please you in no other way than by attending to the counsel and advice my wife and I are ready to offer her; then entirely absent yourself, and let her believe that there is no probability of her seeing you again; thus perhaps, we may by degrees obtain some influence over her.”

Ontario thought there was severity in this measure, but he did not hesitate to promise compliance.

Marian was in tears when he pre-

sented himself before her, but in an instant they were dried and her smiles shone forth. Her tongue seemed suddenly loosed, and all the natural gaiety of her character was at once restored. Ontario found it difficult to check the violence of her spirits, or induce her to listen to any thing like serious advice. Her new friends who were present, scarcely recognized her, but availed themselves of her good humour to endeavour to converse with her. But she had no words save for Ontario, nor ears for any one else. Her vivacity was soon quelled when she found that he was about to leave her, instead of remaining there all the day, as she had flattered herself he intended to do. He then strongly enforced the necessity of her attending to the admonitions of his friends, on which condition alone he would promise to revisit her at all and—— He looked at Bloomfield with an interrogating, and painful glance, as if to demand if he

should on this occasion inform her that she must soon cease to expect him. The good man's face beamed a kind negative, for he was reluctant to exact, what he saw would cost the one a severe effort, and plunge the other into despair. Marian under the apprehension that by disobedience to his injunction she should lose his society, promised implicit compliance with his desire, only imploring in return, that he would see her daily. Ontario did not exactly accede to that condition, but said it should not be long before she again beheld him. He carried home with him a still less easy heart than he had taken thence. He was deeply afflicted for Marian's sake: her happiness, it was evident, was wholly dependent on him—she could only smile in his presence, and the bare thought of his leaving her brought torrents of tears. Perhaps, if, in conformity to the advice of his friend he entirely deserted her, her anguish would burst

all bounds, and overwhelm even her reason. Hapless, ill fated, lovely being ! what a destiny was hers, only saved from bodily torture whose pangs would have been comparatively brief, to become the prey of the keenest mental suffering, and to have her heart lacerated by the most bitter of all disappointments. Her young affections first awakened, and at once expanding in all the force and fervour of a new and vehement emotion, she was untutored to correct, nay of which she was unconscious ; impelled only by the vivacity of sensations, which, if she had the power of analyzing them, she might justify on the plea of the gratitude she owed him. All these considerations rendered her, in his eyes, an object of the liveliest compassion, and invested her with an interest of the tenderest nature. Though removed from his sight, she was more than ever a bar to his resumption of those calm enjoyments which proved to him so fertile a

source of gratification, for his thoughts could not dwell long on any other subject. He excused himself on the plea that Marian's actual unhappiness naturally demanded his sympathy, and must excite a species of commiseration, which would frequently carry his thoughts towards her. He abstained from visiting her for three days. On the fourth he appeared at his friends cottage. Marian received him with more extravagant demonstrations of joy than even on the last occasion, for she had been full of apprehensions arising from his *long* absence as she termed it, and her delight was in proportion to the relief which she experienced at the sight of him. With great volubility she recounted all she had done in obedience to his friends, and by her account, it appeared that she had proved the most tractable of beings. Then she threatened playfully, that if he did not come to see her oftner she would not be so good.



She continued to detain him much longer than he intended to remain by a thousand little arts and caprices, and at length with tears and repeated injunctions to return speedily, she witnessed his departure.

Bloomfield followed Ontario, who immediately questioned him respecting Marian's deportment during his absence, and the probability of such impressions being made on her mind, as were essential to her advantage.

Bloomfield replied, that he was sorry he could not corroborate the account she had given of herself, and continued—"True, the first day she appeared all that we could desire, and evinced the utmost anxiety to meet our wishes, with which we should have been perfectly satisfied, had she not continually repeated, 'you will tell Ontario how much I mind you? will you not? Do not forget to tell Ontario I am a good girl,' and such like expressions. The second morning she

fully expected you, and we were unable to command her attention, and only from time to time could induce her to do any thing that we required, and when the hours clapsed without your appearing, her wretchedness returned, and she terrified herself with the wildest alarms on your account, which incapacitated her from every exertion till she again beheld you.— Thus, my friend, you see the sooner she ceases to expect that indulgence, the less difficulty shall we find in our efforts to form her mind, which is kept in continual agitation by its interest for you. Once convinced that she has no hope of seeing you, her feelings, though at first poignant, will gradually become calm, and our exertions in her favour may prove successful; I should advise you to see her no more.”

Ontario's eyes turned quickly on his friend at these words,—but he immediately withdrew them, and cast them on the earth. He remained silent for

some moments, and then said, with some embarrassment, “ Will not this be a severe measure to determine on so precipitately? If Marian has once shewn her willingness to attend to your precepts, and conform to your wishes, and *that* owing to *my* influence, surely she will do so again and again,—and daily more and more, if she from time to time expects to see me, and knows that I shall demand a rigid account of her conduct; and would it, under these considerations, be advisable that I should desert her entirely?”

The missionary replied, “ I did not expect this mode of arguing from you, my young friend—revolve it in your own mind, and I am convinced you will immediately perceive how much sophistry it betrays. Whatever influence we may obtain over Marian’s mind, will be little to be depended on, if built on so fallacious a principle. Even suffering her to act on it, would be admitting a deception, which it

should be our first business to dispell. She must have a higher aim than the approbation of any *earthly* being, and until she be fully persuaded of that, until she feels in her heart, that her duty, her obedience, her love, her gratitude, her praise and adoration, are due first, and without division, to that power to whom she owes her whole sum of human blessedness and future hope, whose she is, and to whom only she can look as her infallible and unchangeable friend, her resolutions will be as chaff before the wind, and her actions never have a right impulse. *Therefore* is it most essential, that we should, as a radical means of effecting our design, remove from her sight the object which has usurped all sway over her imagination, and left no share of it for what should be its first interest. I shall not disgust her newly awakened mind by long and tedious lessons of religion and morality, but I hope by degrees, imperceptible to her, and by

the force of the examples which will surround her, gradually to prepare her for those impressions, which, to endeavour to awaken at this period, would perhaps excite impatience and distaste."

" True, certainly most true," returned Ontario with some hesitation, and continued—

" But let me ask you, do you consider an attachment, founded on gratitude and genuine affection, incompatible with that great first interest that should command the heart?"

" No, quite the contrary!—No heart can be purely what it ought to be, which is incapable of an attachment founded on gratitude and genuine affection, and it will ever be experienced, in the liveliest degree, by that which has previously been purified in a dedication to the source of light. Human attachments are justified, nay required by the revealed religion of heaven, which presents to us the highest exam-

ples of relative affection and exalted friendship."

"Then why, my excellent friend," cried Ontario, eager to speak, "why do you think the unfortunate Marian so reprehensible for the feeling that sways her mind, or imagine that it must necessarily counteract your designs in her favour?"

"If you infer from what I have said, that I mean to cast censure on Marian for *experiencing* the impulse which has attained such strong dominion, you mistake my meaning; though I should entirely condemn the way in which she evinces it, and the effect it has on her mind, were she possessed of those advantages she has unfortunately been deprived of. But as she is, I judge her not; considering her as a simple child, obeying an instinct, rather than a sentiment. I cannot place her attachment on that footing which could give it a claim to be considered in a serious light, it is but the

natural result of the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, acting on a mind open from its vacuity to the intrusion of irregular feelings."

"Oh! Sir," interrupted Ontario in a vehement and somewhat reproachful tone, "Marian is purity itself! she knows not a thought that could sully an angel."

"I look forward with anxious hope, my dear Ontario, to the period when she may be more deserving of that eulogy; but neither man nor woman, in their natural state can merit it, and the little instruction Marian has received raises her, but a very small degree, if at all, above her condition by nature. The mind, like the earth, cannot be wholly barren; if it be not cultivated, weeds will overrun it; fecundity is its principle, it must conceive, it must produce; and if good seed be not sowed, it will of itself shoot forth tares and nettles. The soil, which, *if* properly tilled, will prove

most luxuriant and prolific of good, will be equally fruitful of evil, if the culture be neglected. Marian's mind is in its infancy, in most respects, though she has nearly attained the age of womanhood, and if she does know any thing, I fear it is what we should rather wish her to forget, than what would contribute to the progress of her education."

Ontario looked dissatisfied, though he did not openly dissent from any thing that his friend advanced, and when urged again by him to relinquish seeing Marian, at least for the present, he promised, though with evident reluctance, to abide by his advice, but with the proviso, that he should, from time to time, be informed of her welfare. He also stipulated, that if, on finding she was to see him no more, she should be long affected with violent emotions, threatening her health or reason, he should be apprised, and permitted to see her. To this his friend



yielded a ready compliance, and they parted, Ontario less satisfied with his adviser than he had ever before felt, and inclined to pronounce him rigid and hard-hearted. “ Yes—in having subdued his own feelings, he has ceased to experience sympathy for those of others,” thought Ontario.

But had the Missionary subdued his own feelings? or was it necessary that he should subdue them? perhaps *he* would have declared otherwise, and have said *correction* was all that was requisite. But Ontario did not hesitate on this occasion inwardly to accuse his friend of coldness of heart and severity of judgment; charges which are so frequently cast on age or superior sanctity.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

MANY irksome days now succeeded to each other. Still unable to resume his tranquil and happy mode of life, Ontario felt the hours heavy. He was restless and dissatisfied, and felt a species of hostility more irritating than any other, *that* of being obliged to combat with his own feelings. He had heard twice by a messenger from his friend that Marian was well, but no other particular. Indeed any thing further that could have been related to him concerning her, in her then state, could not have given him pleasure.

Her protectors were indefatigable in the most judicious efforts to make a favorable impression on her mind, and strove, above all things, to overcome the prejudice she had conceived against them.

They did not weary her with instructions or precepts, but strove to amuse her mind, and by the gentlest methods to gain ascendancy there; but one thought alone possessed it. Mrs. Bloomfield, with the tenderness of a mother, now endeavoured to convince her of the impropriety of encouraging to excess her attachment to Ontario, whom, as a benefactor, she ought to esteem and revere; but whose sway over her heart she could not admit to such an extreme without some degree of criminality. She herself had called him a priest of that order which considers celibacy as essential to the profession; she must therefore be sensible that *fraternal* affection was that only which Ontario could feel for her, and that he, above all persons, would most condemn her, could he imagine that she felt for him more than sisterly regard. Marian had furnished the good woman with this argument against her, by the observation she was continually

repeating, that Ontario was a priest and could not marry. Mrs. Bloomfield did not believe that Ontario *was* a priest, but was persuaded, from his demeanor on some occasions, and his embarrassment when certain subjects were conversed on, that his hand was not free, and her husband thought the same. But this consideration had not its natural effect on Marian. No reasoning, no expostulation could persuade her, that there could be any harm in her loving Ontario with the utmost fervor, and that it was not a duty to devote herself to serving him after all that he had done for her. She frequently repeated—she only wished to be his servant ; but if that were denied her, she would be content, if permitted to see him once a day.

But when several succeeding days passed over and she saw him not, it was misery to behold her, so acute was her affliction and so distracting the anxiety she endured. To crush her expecta-

tions entirely, Bloomfield believed to be the most humane measure ; and, after some preparation, he told her that Ontario, sensible that his presenee was an interruption to her progress in those attainments it was his first wish she should acquire, had resolved to absent himself, and she therefore must not expect to see him.

“ What *never* again”—she screamed, the moment she fully comprehended the extent of her misfortune, “ *never see* Ontario again—*never look* on him—*never hear* his voice—never, never again—and you think I will *live*. With these words she threw herself on the floor, tore her hair, uttering shrieks of agony, and demonstrating the utmost violence of despair. It was not without danger that her friends interfered to controul her struggles and prevent her seriously injuring herself, nor did she now pay the least attention to their representations, that it *was* possible she might, at some future period, behold

Ontario again. A distant, and uncertain hope had no power to check for an instant the agony of the present hour.

The feeling heart of Mrs. Bloomfield was wrung with distress, and she questioned her husband respecting the propriety of permitting Marian once more to behold Ontario; but he hesitated in his reply, observing, "to what purpose?" though it grieved him to the soul to be peremptory. But how could another interview with Ontario soften the ultimate separation that must ensue for the sake of Marian's peace? No, such a measure must be the *last* resorted to; and in the meantime he hoped that her violence would exhaust itself, and perhaps be as brief as it was immoderate. Encouraging this idea, he was not surprised to see her become suddenly calm. She maintained a gloomy and speechless aspect for some time, and neither wept nor expressed her feelings by groans or sighs. Her demeanor still excited the apprehen-

sion of her friends, who knew not what inference to draw from it. They wished her to shed tears, and Mrs. Bloomfield, by the tenderness of her commiseration, endeavoured to excite a softened emotion. At length Marian rapidly assumed a new aspect: she seemed at once awakened to a sense of her duty, and of the blame that attached to her for all the anxiety and trouble she occasioned those who were so desirous of serving her. She, for the first time, expressed her sense of obligation for the kind offices of those whom she had hitherto treated as enemies, and declared her willingness to do whatever was agreeable to them. They were as much pleased as surprised by this extraordinary revolution, with which her demeanor during the remainder of the day perfectly corresponded. But as sudden reformatations are sometimes to be mistrusted, neither Bloomfield nor his good partner felt perfect confidence in the permanence

of Marian's present state of mind ; and, whether to secure her from intrusion, or from a latent suspicion that might linger in his mind, the Missionary, as he passed her chamber door after he imagined she was asleep, turned the key on the outside, and putting it in his pocket, felt a species of security in regard to her which he would not otherwise have enjoyed that night.

---



## CHAPTER XXIV.

ONTARIO daily expected to receive the intelligence his friend had promised him regarding Marian's feelings, on learning she was to behold him no more ; and his anxiety, on that account, destroyed his peace and broke his repose. Having passed a restless night, he rose earlier than usual, impatient to leave his uneasy couch ; though a heavy rain, which he heard dripping through the shrubs around, and beating against the door he had contrived to secure the entrance to the cave, foreboded his confinement for some hours. He had concluded his morning devotions, and by their influence had attained some composure of mind, when he was startled by the murmur of a low moan almost close to him. He sprang erect, casting an eye of eager

apprehension towards the door, and continued for a moment in the breathless attitude of attention, while he listened for a repetition of the sound, which he thought had deceived him. It was immediately repeated, and followed by a plaintive cry, as of some one in extreme misery. Ontario darted to the door, opened it, and beheld the unhappy Marian reclined with her cheek on the rock, her form inundated by the falling torrent, her streaming hair half concealing her agitated countenance, and her stiffened limbs unable to second the effort she made to rise.

Ontario sank on his knees beside her—speechless with the shock that he experienced—then took the shuddering creature in his arms, and bore her into the cavern. For a short time utterance was also denied to her, but it seemed more from the influence of excessive joy at once more beholding him than from the effects of any injury she might have sustained. At length tears

of delight burst from her eyes, and she gave expression to the liveliest rapture, wholly unmindful of all that she had suffered, and sensible alone that she was once again in Ontario's presence, and an inhabitant of his beloved dwelling, from whence she repeatedly declared her determination never to depart more.

Ontario could not at first attempt to stem the torrent of her joy, or check her feelings by rebuke or rephension for her extreme rashness: *that* must be an after-consideration. The condition he beheld her in, demanded all his solicitude; and what had driven her to such a desperate line of conduct, he did not attempt to ascertain, till he had endeavoured to counteract the ill effects of the hardship she had been exposed to. He kindled a fire, wrung her dripping locks, and rubbed her chilled hands; while he anxiously inquired, how long she had endured the severity of the weather. He was happy

to find, the period she had been exposed to it was shorter than he had apprehended. She informed him, continuing the voluble strain she had broke forth in, that she had nearly reached the cavern before the rain commenced ; that on gaining it, she listened, but heard no sound within which indicated his being awake, and she determined not to disturb him, but patiently await his rising. She supposed she had been there half an hour, when she heard him singing a morning hymn ; then, attempting to move, she was astonished to find herself stiff and unable to rise ; and she had groaned piteously for his assistance. She with equal rapidity recapitulated, all that she had suffered, on being informed by the Missionary, that she would see Ontario no more ; and, unasked, communicated every particular, except the means by which she had contrived to escape, and the artifice she had practised to avert the suspicions of those about her. She acknowledged

that the paroxysm of her grief was alone stilled by the sudden resolution of flying to him, which was no sooner conceived than irrevocably determined upon.

Ontario felt a secret delight in once more seeing her under his protection, independent of any act of his own, which must have mingled the bitterness of self-reproach with his feelings. He felt that he was happy, and imputed the sensation to excess of gratitude for the unparalleled attachment he had inspired. Marian was, in his eyes, the most interesting of human beings; she seemed constituted purely of innocence and love, and demanded, as the mere debt of gratitude, every sacrifice on his part, that could contribute to her happiness. But how could that be most effectually promoted?—This question threw him into a train of deep thought; but Marian soon interrupted it, and Ontario then attempted something like expostulation on the

imprudence of her conduct. But all he said was weak and feebly enforced, though on such ample grounds; and he was continually silenced by the repeated declaration from Marian—"I only want to be your servant—there can be no harm in my being your servant—my father had a servant, and so has your friend, and why should not you ——?" "Oh! Marian—but there are certain laws of society which the civilized world must submit to, and—" "Civilized world," she repeated, interrupting him, "I thought you once told me, we were not among the civilized world—I don't want any world but that I can see from this cavern—I hate every thing besides."

Ontario, sensible that Bloomfield would no sooner be apprized of Marian's flight, than he would suspect the direction she had taken, and probably pursue her to the cave, was struck with the necessity of immediately determining on the line of conduct he should

adopt on the occasion. Desirous of convincing his friend he had no intention of encouraging Marian to resist his will, he was anxious rather to *meet* him on the way, than await his arrival. He should then have the opportunity of conversing with him alone, and spare Marian the pain of being surprised by Bloomfield, before he was prepared by a previous consultation for the result of the interview. But would Marian permit Ontario to leave her even to execute this kind intention? He conversed with her long and earnestly, and so effectually, as to induce her, without a single objection, to permit of his temporary absence.

Ontario had not proceeded far on his way to the village, when he beheld his friend approaching, and with considerable agitation he prepared to meet him. Bloomfield came forward, with extended hand, exclaiming in a tone of warm approbation—“ I knew I should meet you, I knew you would

be the first to communicate the intelligence I seek—I need not ask if Marian has fled to you?”

“I was eager to inform you of it,”—returned Ontario with embarrassment, which his friend observing rejoined,

“It is distressing, distressing in the extreme, but you are blameless in this matter, and must not let your commiseration for this unfortunate female, so deeply involve your comfort, and tranquillity. You now perceive the absolute necessity of your removal from this neighbourhood to a place where the unhappy girl will be unable to follow you. The sacrifice of your peace cannot avail her hopeless attachment, which I am still sanguine she would ultimately get the better of, if she no more beheld its object. Do not return to the cavern, go forward even now, rest at my dwelling, and procure whatever is necessary for your journey.—Let me recommend you to revisit the



populous parts of this extensive country, mix again with your fellow men, and resume that place in society which calls for your occupation, in the vigour of age and intellect—go and extend your means of doing good—leave Marian to me, and be assured, her misfortune shall be lightened as much as it will admit of, by the unceasing exertions of my wife and myself.—Believe me her reason will regain its dominion when ——”

“ Oh! Sir, you do not know her,” interrupted Ontario, “ She must not be judged by any rule we might apply to the polished females of society; the daughters of refinement, of artifice; the studiers of worldly interest, the versatile creatures of the moment, whose feelings change at the command of fortune, or convenience, and who are only to be depended on for their obedience to the laws of cold-hearted policy—Marian’s love is her life—destroy it, and she will cease to live :

It is her vital principle ; no feebler excitement could now give impulse to the springs of existence. It compels her with irresistible influence, to condemn every consideration that would oppose her devoting herself to its object, and is, in short, the purest essence of that passion which can animate a human heart."

The Missionary was struck dumb for a few moments, by this unexpected effusion, when he calmly observed—  
 " *Irresistible* influences are very unmeet intruders into a female heart, particularly when they would lead it to condemn every consideration short of the entire gratification of its reigning madness."

" But how, my excellent friend," cried Ontario endeavouring to restrain his impetuosity, as evinced by the sudden fall of his voice from the vehemence of exclamation to the tone of solieitation, " what is it that you term *madness* ? Can you give that designa-

tion to the natural ardour of an enthusiastic heart?"

Bloomfield replied, "The mind that is wholly under the dominion of one despotie passion, can no longer with justice be deemed rational. For Marian, I allow there is every excuse, untutored to resist her inclinations, destitute of all instruction which could fortify her mind, she is an easy and natural prey to the force of ungoverned feelings. She is only what we might expect to find her, but having found her such, the blame will be our's if we permit her to continue so. Leave her, I repeat it, Ontario, leave her to me, and be satisfied that you have done all in your power towards her permanent advantage, and that your now quitting her is perhaps the most effectual means of promoting it."

"I cannot agree in that opinion," returned Ontario, again betraying embarrassment.

"I would gladly change it," said his

friend, "if you could furnish me with just grounds ; what plan do *you* propose? What I have suggested was under the impression that no other practicable scheme could prove radically efficacious. I should rejoice extremely, if less violent measures could be adopted with safety—perhaps you are prepared to convince me that they may." He paused, but Ontario did not reply for some moments, and appeared agitated and confused ; at length he said, without raising his eyes from the ground. "Has it never struck you that there was a possible mean, by which I might secure Marian's happiness at once, and terminate all her present anxieties, without the necessity of a separation?" His friend gazed on him earnestly, and owned that such an idea never *had* entered his mind."

"And why should I not ;" rejoined Ontario with sudden vivacity, making an effort to cast off his confusion—

“What if I should determine on making Marian my wife?”

Bloomfield started with unaffected amazement, nor could controul a smothered repetition of the word, “*wife!*”

“And why not?” continued Ontario, endeavouring to assume an air of self satisfaction, and to overcome any indication of conscious weakness, “What should so much astonish you in this proposal?”

“I cannot deny, that I am exceedingly amazed, in the first place, from the persuasion, which I had conceived, that you were already a married man, and ——.”

The words Bloomfield would have uttered were suspended by the sudden alteration in Ontario’s countenance, it became of a livid hue, his lip trembled, and he grasped his friend’s arm as if for support. He was speechless for some moments, then directing his steps to a bank near them, he sat down,

and concealed his face with his hands, and seemed penetrated with the deepest anguish. His friend seated himself beside him, his benevolent heart swelling with a painful emotion, at witnessing the distress which he had occasioned ; and grieved that he should unwarily have touched on a chord which vibrated to such acute misery.

Ontario at length made an effort to recover himself, and a more than usual suffusion rushed back to his face as he uncovered it, and looking on the Missionary asked him, if he had known him so long, and studied him so narrowly, and could still believe him to be a villain ?”

“ Ontario, you wrong me,” returned Bloomfield mildly, “ I never believed you to be a villain, and why should I *now* ?”

“ Then how could you suspect me of being a married man, at the moment I proposed espousing Marian ?”

“ At *that* moment I ceased to believe

it, but till then, I certainly thought so—you have mistaken me.”

“Forgive my petulance, most excellent friend, and let me believe that you have sufficient confidence in me, to credit my asseverations when I declare that no obstacle exists to my union with Marian.”

“No obstacle, Ontario! can you then esteem her mindless state, for surely it may be termed so, her wild irregular temper, her ignorance, and all the countless disadvantages of a neglected education, less than insuperable barriers to forming a connection with her, in her present circumstances?”

“Those circumstances alone could have tempted me to think seriously on this subject—I see in Marian, a creature fresh from the hand of nature; ready to take any impression, and to be moulded in conformity with my taste and wishes—such a one only as I would venture to espouse; I will make her all that I desire.”

“ But, my young friend, it would surely be wiser, and less adventurous, to take some time to consider of this important step, and also to study more closely the heart of Marian, and its susceptibility of improvement. You must not forget how long a period that prolific soil has been permitted to continue fallow, and that there are rank weeds to be rooted out.”

“ Oh ! no, no — *there* you injure Marian.”

• “ I hope I do ; but you must allow me to picture her such as she appears to me, on the most unprejudiced view, and judging simply from such evidences as have been clearly presented to me. From Marian’s own account, we find that the chief companion of her early years was a vulgar illiterate female, from whom she could learn no good, and from whom she probably received her information on the interesting subjects of love and marriage, which so little corresponds with her



ignorance on other points. Hence arises her deficiency in that modesty, that shrinking delicacy, which forms so exquisite a charm in female manners, the absence of which, together with her obedience to turbulent and unresisted feelings, would have driven her headlong to destruction, had she depended on the honour and principle of any man uncorrected by religious discipline."

" Oh ! it is her innocence ! her *innocence* alone which renders her thus confident ; her ignorance of the very existence of vice," interrupted Ontario, with symptoms of irritation in his manner, which made him listen impatiently to his friend, who rejoined, still calmly, but firmly—

" Only hear *all* that I have to say, and then judge for yourself. I do not blame Marian ; you mistake me by supposing I wish to cast censure on her. There are very few young persons who, under equal disadvantages,

would not equally have suffered by them. I only wish to convince you, that the effects of a neglected education are not confined to the *absence* of what is right, but extend to the *admission* of every thing that is wrong. The species of innocence you ascribe to her is incompatible with human understanding at her age, and the utmost that could be preserved would rather operate in instinctive repugnance to every thing that could shock it, than impel a rash pursuit of the very objects it should avoid. Neither is Marian's mind so free from artifice as you may imagine. I *must* shew her to you as she is ; when you tell me that you think of making her your wife, you shall not be deceived in what she is at present."

Here Bloomfield described the manner in which she had attempted to impose on them by a show of docility and resignation at the time that she had resolved on outwitting them completely. He further observed, that the

means she had resorted to in execution of her plan were worthy of the most experienced in such expedients—that on finding her door secured, and her windows too high from the ground to permit an easy descent, she had dexterously tied together her bed-clothes and let herself down by them, as was discovered on her being sought in the morning. Ontario made light of all this, observing that love was naturally fertile in wiles, and suggested them to those who were guileful in nothing else: “And besides,” continued Ontario, “she believed that in seeking me, she was seeking one on whom she might depend for those religious instructions, which she knew I always endeavoured to instil into her mind; and her inexperience blinded her to the much greater advantages she would have derived from communications of that nature from you.”

Bloomfield returned, “I spoke to her also concerning that pretext, which

she was fond of bringing forward, and told her that she should always mistrust the impulse which would prompt her to seek religious instruction from a young and favorite monitor, when an aged friend was at hand equally capable of bestowing it. I endeavoured to convince her, that religion, while it strengthens the mind against crime, softens the heart to tenderness ; and in awaking the affections, often gives unbounded influence, arising from veneration and gratitude, to those who have supplied its power. I observed to her, the entire confidence which you feel in a character, you believe so thoroughly sanctified, so hallowed by its intimacy with spiritual things, gives it a dominion over you, which you think it virtue to obey ; and perhaps while you fancy you are resigning yourself wholly to heaven, you are yielding to the vehemence of a personal attachment for a human creature. In such circumstances, all the feelings and sentiments

become confounded, and we can no longer determine which belong to heaven and which to earth. My words made no impression," continued Bloomfield, " though I thought she must have felt their justice in her own heart ; but I fear that her religious feelings are yet dormant, she therefore could only be sensible of one unmixed emotion in her breast, and did not understand the contest that I delineated."

Every word that fell from the Missionary's lips on this occasion, seemed to Ontario, severe, frigid, and unjust, and he found it difficult to conceal the sensations thus excited, while he secretly inclined to accuse his friend of having taken a personal dislike to Marian, perhaps arising from her contempt of his admonitions. Bloomfield plainly perceived, that Marian had an advocate in Ontario's breast much stronger than mere compassion, but he believed his union with such a partner could never promote his happiness :

He beheld in Ontario, a man of polished manners and high education, with considerable brilliancy of imagination, but the dupe of his own feelings, as in this last instance was more than ever apparent ; and what would be his consternation when, having recovered the influence of his temporary sensations, he should find himself united to a woman who was in no respect a suitable companion for him, under her present disadvantages ! What improvement she was susceptible of, remained to be ascertained, and time was essential to the experiment.

Bloomfield therefore proposed, that Ontario should replace Marian under his charge for the space of one year, and remain absent during that period ; when, if his sentiments continued unchanged, he might revisit her, and form a juster opinion of her real character. Then, if he judged it right, he might espouse her ; but so precipi-

tately and with so little consideration to form such a union, was a risque of the most alarming nature.

Ontario argued, that respecting a being so wholly without disguise, so perfectly candid and ingenuous, there could be nothing to learn, even by the narrowest investigation, or the deepest and longest study. What she *was* might be seen at one interview ; what she *might* be made would depend upon him ; and it would be his fault if she were not all that he wished her to be.

His friend observed, that were she *five* years old instead of *seventeen*, his reasoning would have some weight ; but she had attained an age at which habits are often found to be deeply rooted, when the docility of the mind is not always preserved, and when long indolence and inaction deaden the capacity, which, at an earlier age, may be more easily roused into activity and application.

“ It is not,” continued Bloomfield, “ her power of attaining brilliant accomplishments, or rare acquirements, that I am considering ; but the sterling qualifications of a virtuous heart, strict principles, founded on the immutable basis of religious hope. Her situation in life, her insignificance, her poverty, I could not for a moment dwell on ; they offer no reasonable obstacle in my estimation ; but goodness and common sense are indispensable in a companion for life, and essential to the perpetuity of real love. And, setting aside all these considerations, my friend, do you feel quite justified in making this sacrifice, without regard to any future changes or revolution of circumstances which time might produce, and which might call you again to society, and —.”

“ Oh ! no, no,” interrupted Ontario : “ there is no such possibility in the volume of futurity. Think you



that I should have become a forlorn outcast in the dreary wilds of this immeasurable region, if I had had hope or expectation elsewhere? No; Marian, Marian alone of every existing creature on the face of this wide earth, *she* only loves me; loves me as I wish to be loved: to her my affections are due, and she *shall* possess them."

Much longer did they converse, but to little purpose; and often, on subsequent occasions, was the conversation renewed, and terminated with as little effect. At length Ontario silenced his opponent, not by the force of his argument, but by acknowledging that Marian had succeeded, on the morning she had returned so desolate and wretched to the cavern, in extorting from him a promise that she should never again be compelled to quit him. This Ontario considered as virtually binding him to make her his wife, and his friend could see it in no other

light; he therefore dropped the character of adviser and monitor on so fruitless a theme, and admitted the prospect that presented itself in the most cheerful colours it allowed of.



## CHAPTER XXV.

SOON after, with kind complacency, but secret repugnance, Bloomfield united the destinies of Marian and Ontario; having previously been admitted so far into the confidence of the latter as to secure the legality of the marriage.

Felicity on this occasion was not confined to Marian alone, Ontario felt his full share of it: there were sentiments in his heart which required an object to engage them; it was cold and cheerless when they were nipped and repressed. His affections were strong and animated; he had wanted to be loved; he had pined to excite an attachment equal to what he knew he could himself experience; and though at first gratitude for her excessive fondness was all that Marian

had awakened in his heart, she soon succeeded in rousing those feelings which only required to be excited. Once stimulated, they blinded him to every objection which could be raised to their encouragement, and he even persuaded himself that, on a principle of duty, he ought to espouse her, a measure however which he had never seriously contemplated till after he had returned to the solitude of his cavern, on relinquishing Marian entirely to the charge of his friend. Had she been reconciled to a separate lot, it is probable he would have resisted the feeling which would have impelled him to seek her. His once solitary cave was now transformed into the abode of all the smiling loves that could adorn the court of Cupid, and comprised, in the estimation of the occupants, all that was essential to perfect bliss. Ontario beheld in his Marian the being that was to repay him for all he had previously suffered,

and in whose sweet society he should lose every painful remembrance. But however pure and vivid the happiness which they now enjoyed in their present situation, he could not think of permitting his beloved to continue an inhabitant of so inconvenient an abode, and from which they must be driven by the change of seasons. But Marian would not hear of quitting the cavern till they should be absolutely compelled; and she tried to persuade Ontario that they might even contrive to pass the winter there, so strong was the attachment she professed for a scene so tenderly endeared to her, and where she declared she wished to pass her whole life. But Ontario, who knew that to live there in inclement weather was impracticable, formed a plan for erecting a habitation in the vicinity of the village, and in the course of a few weeks he took measures for putting it in execution, much against Marian's inclinations. Her

fondness for her present residence was to him most gratifying, while he, at the same time, endeavoured, by the tenderest expostulations, to reconcile her to quitting it. He had as yet attempted no regular system of instruction with her; the fruition of all her wishes had not yet permitted her mind to recover a state of composure suitable to his design. He could not bear to check its buoyance, or restrain it by compulsion to apply to serious studies. No, their more matured happiness should witness the fulfilment of a steady course of education, which would then be so much better timed. Meanwhile he would not fail to infuse into his conversation such precepts and opinions as must enlighten her soul, and prepare it for what was to ensue.

Thus the remaining months of summer passed swiftly away. Marian had now for some time been anxiously inquiring respecting the progress of their

new residence, owing to her apprehension, Ontario imagined, that it might be nearly completed, and that she should be called on to quit her beloved retirement. But he was surprized, when, after urgently repeating the question as usual on his return from inspecting it, she observed, “ How *long* a time they were about it.”

He had procured an Indian woman to attend on her, so that she was not left alone during his absence, which only occurred when it was unavoidable; yet it always excited her displeasure; but what arose from her fondness for him he could not disapprove. Soon it amounted to something like ill humour. Instead of meeting him with smiles, she assumed a peevish and dissatisfied aspect.—“ It is so cruel of you to leave me so long in this *dismal* place,” she would say: “ Will the house *never* be finished?”

Ontario was astonished, but the next moment recollected her youth and

her disposition:—was it not naturally lively?—Such a species of solitude must be irksome to her;—it was only wonderful that she had so long cheerfully endured it. Besides, he was sure she was unwell; her abode in such a place injured her health, and made her restless and discontented.—But the house was not fit for her reception.—What should he do?—he would consult Bloomfield.

That good friend immediately offered accommodations in his residence, till Ontario should have completed his own. Marian, half reluctant, consented to the proposal, though disliking to become an inmate of Bloomfield's abode, it was better than continuing in a place which had lost all the charm of novelty, and now only witnessed the recurrence of pleasures repeated till they ceased to be pleasures, because they had no solid foundation. Frequently, while a guest of his friend's, Marian told Ontario that



she did not like her situation : they always wanted to teach her something, and she did not desire their instruction.

On taking possession of the small but neat and comfortable cottage Ontario had provided for her, she was once more delighted, and charmed with every thing about her ; and Ontario, who made excuses for all her weaknesses, still saw in her a being that would *ultimately* be conformed to his wishes. But now she must not be teased ; her health must not be trifled with ; nor her mind agitated and fatigued by intense application : his time must be devoted to the solicitous promotion of her comfort and amusement :—and so it was ; and no fashionable belle, bred in the luxury of courts, and vitiated with all the superfluities of refinement, could have exacted more attention or greater efforts to please her.

She became a mother, and Ontario

felt bound to her for ever by gratitude for the invaluable gift of a son, the object which, above all things on earth, he had ever most desired.

He was entranced in ecstacy on contemplating it: he forgot all Marian's imperfections : he forgot even the means by which he intended to supersede them ; he could think only of what should be his future exertions for this darling of his bosom, of the prospects he would ensure to it, by the earliest cultivation, and of the perfect being he was to make of it.

As a nurse, Marian, still, could not be interfered with in favour of her education : all her time was her child's, and she did justice to it, because her inclinations led her to do so, for she loved it, and she always obeyed her feelings. When it became old enough to dispense with her most urgent attention, she still did not neglect it, for it amused her, and she played with it, as she would have done with a doll,

while Ontario was little less infantine in that respect, so devoted was he to this new object of his affections, one, too, not unworthy of engrossing them.

He still, though less sanguine of the impression he might make on his wife, did not feel justified in wholly resigning the attempt to instruct her. He renewed it, but in vain: she would learn nothing that required attention, or steady application, of which she seemed incapable. Her thoughts, long accustomed to wander unrestrained, or fix intently on whatever amused them, were wholly uncontrolled. She could not comprehend the possibility of their being in any measure under direction. All attempts at imposing tasks, or affording lessons that demanded the exercise of intellect, provoked showers of tears, or bitter complainings, with reproaches of abated affection.

The desire to please Ontario was not now the strongest principle in Marian's heart: she often thought

more of pleasing herself. Satisfied with the certainty that he was irrevocably her's, she had no apprehension to stimulate obedience—and his extreme indulgence, and forbearance, banished all dread of ill-usage. He found, too late, that he had married a woman without a mind, and that to make one out of materials so long neglected, was not quite so easy a task as he had imagined. As the cultivation of that most essential part seemed a hopeless attempt, he directed all his efforts towards the solid improvement of her heart. He endeavoured, by making it purely religious, to render it effectually moral, and he laboured without ceasing to accomplish this end; but the soil was poor, and all that it produced was crude and tasteless. The utmost he could effect was to render her a negative character, and such as could only be depended upon *out* of temptation. In the disappointment of all his hopes concerning Ma-

rian, and under the loss of the companion he had fondly persuaded himself she would have proved, he turned to those delightful studies, from which he had once before derived such inexpressible consolation, and became happy, though deprived of the grand blessing he had reckoned on. Still he retained for Marian that degree of partiality, which the tenderness of his nature, and the dearness of their connection, secured to her; but the strength of his earthly affections centered in his child: it was the sun of his mortal life, and the joy he had in him was beyond all price.

The delights of this tie, together with the cheering intercourse of friendship with the Missionary, gave sufficient charms to the outward scene to make it one of enjoyment, and Ontario was *content*, though united to an object so little calculated to promote that enviable feeling. Shortly after his marriage, he had employed an Indian

to proceed to a certain city in the States, whither Marian said her father was to repair ere he returned to his home. *There* the Indian was to await him, with a letter, explanatory of Marian's situation. From what he could judge of the character of that man, Ontario believed he would be satisfied with *hearing* that his daughter was safe and provided for, and never trouble himself to seek her, and that thus all personal intercourse with him might be avoided. A considerable period elapsed, and the Indian returned not, nor did Marian, for some time, appear to think about it. But as years passed over, she became tired of the monotony of her life, which, though checquered by the birth of another child, was, owing to its being dead, little affected by that circumstance, and she began to express solicitude concerning her father, and, finally, proposed their seeking him. Ontario was dismayed at such a suggestion ; nevertheless, it was

often renewed, and Marian at length confessed that she longed to visit the haunts of man: and observed, “ what was to become of her child in that desolate spot, when he should *be* a man ?”

Ontario would not hear her ; but was much distressed on finding that she had Bloomfield on her side, and that duty to his family was a weapon continually raised against him. Marian, too, now frequently distracted him with questions, which, however natural and proper, *before* their union, when she had never thought of them, were now unavailing. She would observe, how strange it was that he should have lived in a cavern ; and ask him why he had left his country ? And why he did not return to it, and take her to his friends ? And end, by declaring, that the mystery that enveloped him, made her unhappy. He reminded her, that she had sought her fate, and though once believing him a

*priest* who could *not marry*, had never asked him how he could evade his vows when he proposed espousing her? She had blindly, and resolutely rushed on an union with him; he had given her no cause to repent of it, nor would he, but he forbade her questioning him, on pain of his lasting displeasure; this risk, nevertheless, she continued to tempt.

Again and again, did she urge her intreaties for their quitting their present residence, to which Ontario was so strongly attached, that he could not think of leaving it but with the liveliest regret. Yet he never looked on his lovely boy, whose bright intelligent countenance now spoke the opening soul, without feeling that he demanded of him a painful sacrifice. The vivacity of a sparkling eye, darting its meaning, while his language was yet imperfect—the inquisitive spirit of eager inquiry, prompting the repeated question, and the dubious dissatisfied



look with which he received a reply not clearly explanatory, or on being told the subject was above his comprehension—allevinced an active mind, and promised genius of no common order—and Ontario beheld in him an irresistible stimulus to exertions of a nature which no other claim could have exacted. In his mother's estimation, his brilliant eyes, cherub lips, and shining ringlets, already constituted him a being of the most distinguished order, as they gave him strong claims to personal beauty, which to her was the most endearing of all attractions. He had soon after his birth been baptised by the Missionary, and named, at his father's request, Justinian. A certificate of this event, and also of the marriage of his parents, was presented by their provident friend Bloomfield to Ontario.

---

Years rolled on—and now if the Indian hunter chanced to seek a tem-

porary shelter from the rays of the sun amidst the crags where Ontario's cavern would once have offered him a hospitable shelter, he found the entrance again defended by twining shrubs, whose close-knit branches combined with brambles and luxuriant weeds to repel the intruder. Or if he wandered to the village, and tarried there, he heard not of Ontario, whose remembrance time had involved in that cold oblivion, which, by degrees, overshadows even the most interesting objects when they have ceased to affect the senses. They are talked of less and less, then progressively thought of with enfeebled impression, and finally, lose their place in the minds of the majority of men.

Ontario might be called dead in that region : but had he ceased to exist elsewhere ?

We shall know hereafter.



## NOTES.

---

### 1.

“ *The red hatchet of destruction.*”

“ The manner in which the Indians declare war against each other is by sending a slave with a hatchet, the handle of which is painted red, to the nation which they intend to break with; and the messenger, notwithstanding the sudden fury of those whom he thus sets at defiance, executes his commission with great fidelity. Sometimes this token of defiance has such an instantaneous effect on those to whom it is presented, that in the first transports of their fury a small party will issue forth without waiting for the permission of their elder chiefs, and slaying the first of the offending nation they meet, cut open the body, and stick a hatchet of the same kind as that they just received into the heart of their slaughtered foe. Among the more remote tribes this is done with an arrow or spear, the end of which is painted red.”—

*New Travels among the Indians,  
by Captains Lewis and Clarke.*

## 2.

*“ Why do not his red habit and shining ornaments display the badges of his tribe, or shew him of the nation of the Lion and the Unicorn?”*

“ Every separate body of Indians is divided into bands or tribes:—As the nation has some particular symbol by which it is distinguished from others, so each tribe has a badge from which it is denominated, as that of the Eagle, the Panther, the Tiger, the Buffalo, &c.”

*Lewis and Clarke.*

It was natural that they should term the English the nation of the Lion and Unicorn, in reference to the supporters of our royal arms, which they may be supposed to have seen on the royal colours of regiments or other national emblems.

## 3.

*“ The moon, &c.”—*

Their style is adorned with images, comparisons, and strong metaphors, and is equal in allegories to that of any of the Eastern nations.

## 4.

*“ His ears were slit, &c.”*

“ The Chipaway young men, who are emulous of excelling their companions, slit the

outward rim of their ears; at the same time they take care not to separate them entirely, but leave the flesh thus cut still untouched at both extremities: around this spongy substance, from the upper part to the lower part, they twist brass wire till the weight draws the amputated rim in a bow of five or six inches diameter, and drags it down almost to the shoulder. This decoration is esteemed gay and becoming.

“ Those of the men who wish to appear more gay than others, pluck out the greatest part of their hair, leaving only small locks, as fancy dictates, on which are hung different kinds of quills, and feathers of elegant plumage superbly painted.”

## 5.

*“ Taetongo was not destitute of education.”*

That this was no uncommon case may be seen by the instance which occurs in the following productions. They have a characteristic simplicity, which may compensate for their unpolished garb, and render them interesting. We therefore insert them.

“ The works of F—— being little known in England, I send you some specimens of his writing on Indian subjects; and

however uncouth his language may appear, you may rely on the truth and accuracy of his descriptions.—*From Priest's Travels.*

THE INDIAN STUDENT, OR FORCE  
OF NATURE.

---

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes :  
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.  
VIRG. GEORG.

---

From Susquechanna's utmost springs,  
Where savage tribes pursue their game,  
His blanket tied with yellow strings,  
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before a wandering priest  
Express'd his wish with visage sad—  
“ Ah why,” he cried, “ in Satan's waste,  
Ah, why detain so fine a lad?

“ In Yanky land there stands a town  
Where learning may be purchased low—  
Exchange his blanket for a gown,  
And let the lad to college go.”

From long debate the council rose,  
And viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,  
To Havard Hall,\* o'er wastes of snows,  
They sent the copper-coloured boy.

\* Havard College, at Cambridge, near Boston.

One generous chief a bow supply'd,  
 This gave a shaft, and that a skin,  
 The feathers in vermilion dy'd,  
 Himself did from a turkey win :

Thus dressed so gay, he took his way  
 O'er barren hills, alone, alone !  
 His guide a star, he wandered far,  
 His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with leg so lame,  
 Where learned men talk heathen Greek,  
 And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,  
 To please the muses, twice a week.

•  
 A while he writ, a while he read,  
 A while he learn'd the grammar rules—  
 An Indian savage so well bred,  
 Great credit promised to their schools.

Some thought, he would in law excel,  
 Some said, in physic he would shine;  
 And one who knew him passing well,  
 Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,  
 E'en then could *other* prospects show,  
 And saw him lay his Virgil by,  
 To wander with his dearer bow.



The tedious hours of study spent,  
The heavy-moulded lecture done,  
He to the woods a hunting went,  
But sighed to see the setting sun.

No mystic wonder fired his mind,  
He sought to gain no learned degree,  
But only sense enough to find  
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,  
The woody wild his heart possessed;  
The dewy lawn his morning dream  
In fancy's gayest colours dressed.

“ And why,” he cried, “ did I forsake  
My native wood for gloomy walls?  
The silver stream, the limpid lake,  
For musty books and college halls?

A little could my wants supply—  
Can wealth and honour give me more?  
Or will the sylvan god deny  
The humble treat he gave before?

Let Seraphs reach the high abode,  
And Heav'n's sublimest mansions see:  
I only bow to Nature's God—  
The land of shades will do for me.

'These dreadful secrets of the sky  
 Alarm my soul with chilling fear:—  
 Do planets in their orbits fly?  
 And is the earth indeed a sphere?

Let planets still their aim pursue,  
 And comets round creation run;  
 In him my faithful friend I view,  
 The image of my God—the Sun.

Where Nature's ancient forests grow,  
 And mingled laurel never fades,  
 My heart is fixed, and I must go,  
 To die among my native shades!"

•  
 He spoke,—and to the western springs,  
 (His gown discharged, his money spent,)  
 His blanket tied with yellow strings,  
 The shepherd of the forest went.

Returning to his rural reign,  
 The Indians welcomed him with joy;  
 The council took him home again,  
 And blessed the copper-coloured boy.

Our author brings his hero again upon the scene under the title of

THE SPLENETIC INDIAN,

*“ Proving how vain were the sources on which he depended for happiness.”*

“ To the best of my recollection it was about the middle of the month of August ; we were sitting on a green bank by the brook side ; the fox grapes were not yet come to maturity, but we were anticipating the pleasure we should soon experience in eating some fine clusters that in this instant hung over our heads in the tall shade of a beech tree ; when, upon a sudden clamor, raised by some young fellows who were advancing rapidly towards us, the learned Indian Sachem Tomocheeki, who at this time happened to be my friend and companion, seized me by the hand, and intimated a strong desire, that I should accompany him to his wigwam, situated at many miles distance in the wilderness. A request so unusual, and at such a sultry season of the year, (it being now the height of the dog-days,) and to all appearance caused by so trifling a circumstance as the approach of a few bacchanalians, could not but give me surprize. I nevertheless accepted his offer, and we then walked on together westward, without saying a word, though not forgetting

to kindle our pipes afresh at the first house we came to. We had no sooner entered the forest than I began to be convinced, that all things around us were precisely such as nature had finished them: The trees were straight and lofty, and appeared as if they had never been obliged to art in their progress to maturity; the streams of water were winding and irregular, and not odiously drawn into a right line by the spade of the ditcher.

“ At last we approached the wigwam, as I discovered by the barking of a yellow dog, who ran out to meet us. The building seemed to be composed of rough materials, and at most was not more than eight feet in height, with a hole in the centre of the roof, to afford a free passage to the smoke from within. It was situated in a thicket of lofty trees, on the side of a stream of clear water, at a considerable distance from the haunts of civilized men. A young Indian girl was angling in the deepest part of the stream, whence she every now and then drew a trout, or some inhabitant of the waters. An old squaw sat at a very small distance, and, after cutting off the heads and extracting the entrails, hung the fish in the smoke, to preserve them against the time of winter. The Indian and myself then entered the wigwam, and without ceremony seated ourselves on the blocks of wood

covered with fox skins. The furniture of his habitation consisted of scarcely any thing besides. The flooring was that which was originally common to all, men and animals. I thought myself happy, that I had been permitted to come into the world in an age when some vestige of the primitive men, and their manner of living, was yet to be found. A few ages will totally obliterate the scene. I now determined to teaze the Indian if possible—‘ But for a man of your education,’ said I, ‘ Sachem Tomo-cheeki, to bury yourself in this savage retreat, is to me inexplicable. You who have travelled on foot no less than one hundred and seventeen leagues till you reached the walls of Howard College, and all for the sake of gaining an insight into languages, arts and mysteries, and then to neglect all you have acquired at last, is a mode of conduct for which I cannot easily account.—What! was not the mansion of a fat clergyman a more desirable acquisition than this miserable hut, these gloomy forests, and yonder savage stream? Were not the food and liquor belonging to the white men of the law, far superior to these insipid fish, these dried roots, and these running waters?—Were not a physician’s cap, an elegant morning gown, and a grave suit of black clothes, made by an European tailor, more tempting to your ima-

gination, than this wretched blanket that is eternally slipping from your shoulders, unless it be fastened with skewers, which are by no means convenient?" 'Pardon me,' replied the Indian, 'if all those blessings and advantages seem nothing to my view, in comparison with these *divine solitudes*: opinion alone is happiness. The great man who has chosen his habitation beyond the stars, will dispose of us as he pleases. I am under an obligation of passing happily here that life which he has given me, because in so doing I serve and adore him. I could not but be sorrowful were I to be removed for ever from this stream. Let me alone, white man; others shall make laws, and pass sleepless nights, for the advantage of the world; Sachem Tomocheeki will leave all things to the invisible direction; and provided he can be contented in his wigwam, the end of his existence is accomplished. But,' continued he, 'of what great value can that education be, which does not inculcate moral and social honesty as its first and greatest principle? The knowledge of all things above and below is of inconsiderable worth, unconnected with the heart of rectitude and benevolence. Let us walk to the remains of an old Indian town: the bones of my ancestors repose in its vicinity!'—

"He had scarcely uttered these words,

when he seized his staff, and rushed out of the wigwam with a sort of passionate violence, as if deeply agitated at the recollection of the past, present, and future fate of his countrymen. I followed him with equal celerity—‘But,’ said he, ‘it is in vain to grieve! In three centuries there will not be one individual of all our race existing upon the earth. I lately passed this stream, and it being swollen with rains at my return, I could not without the greatest danger cross over it again to my wigwam; the winds raged, the rain fell, and the storms roared around me. I laid me down to sleep beside a copse of hazles. Immediately the unembodied souls of my ancestors appeared before me. Grief was in their countenances. All fixed their eyes upon me, and cried, one after another, “Brother, it is time thou hadst also arrived in our abodes: thy nation is extirpated, thy lands are gone, thy choicest warriors are slain; the very wigwam in which thou residest is mortgaged for three barrels of hard cider! Act like a man, and if nature be too tardy in bestowing the favour, it rests with yourself to force your way into the invisible mansions of the departed.”’

“By this time we had arrived at the ruins of the old Indian town. The situation was highly romantic, and of that kind which naturally inclines one to be melancholy. At this

instant a large heavy cloud obscured the sun, and added a grace to the gloominess of the scene. The vestiges of streets and squares were still to be traced; several favourite trees were yet standing, that had outlived the inhabitants; the stream ran, and the springs flowed as lively as ever, that had afforded refreshment to so many generations of men that were now passed away never to return. All this while the Indian had melancholy deeply depicted in his countenance; but he did not shed many tears till we came to that quarter where his ancestors had been entombed— ‘ This spot of land,’ said he, recovering himself a little, ‘ was once sacred to the dead; but it is now no longer so! This whole town, with a large tract around it, not even excepting the bones of our progenitors, has been sold to a stranger. We were deceived out of it, and that by a man who understood Greek and Hebrew; five kegs of whiskey did the business: he took us in the hour of dissipation, when the whole universe appeared to us but a little thing, how much less then this comparatively small tract of country, which was notwithstanding our whole dependance for the purposes of hunting and fishing!—Here,’ continued he sighing, ‘ was the habitation of Tawtongo, one of our most celebrated warriors. He, in his time, could boast of having



gained no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven complete victories over his enemies; yet he was killed at last by an unarmed *Englishman*. Here too, on the opposite side of the way, stood the house of Pilawaw, the admirable; she had been addressed by thirty-three suitors of her own nation, but refused them all, and went off at last with an Irish pedlar, for the sake of three yards of silver ribband and a new blanket. Yonder stood the dwelling of Scuttawabah, my immediate ancestor; he died for joy of having found a keg of rum, that had been lost by some western trader. May his joys be continued behind the western mountains—Recollection overcomes me—Let us return to the wigwam, in the forest.’

“ As soon as we had reached this sequestered abode, the Indian once more sat himself down and leaned his head upon his hand, melancholy enough to be sure. The old squaw desired to know why he was so sorrowful.—‘ The remedy,’ said she, ‘ is in your power.’ He then started up, as if suddenly recollecting somewhat, and cried out—‘ Existence is but a dream, an agreeable dream indeed, if we only choose to consider it as such—bring me that jug of strong cider; it will be my friend, when all others fail and forsake me.—Choicest gift of God to man!

and which the white people alone possess the art and knowledge of producing.' He courteously offered me a share of the beverage, but I found it so intolerably sour, that I was obliged to swear by all the gods of the Indians, I would not have any connection with it. He then pointed to the stream where the girl was angling, and said with a pleasant countenance that had brightened up for a moment, ' Go; you are a sober man, the clear waters are good for you, for my own part this juice of the apple shall be sufficient.' Two hours now elapsed without any one uttering a word. The Indian had by this time drunk two large gallons of cider; and recollecting in an instant, he had signed away his lands and wigwam some days before for a mere trifle, he became at once outrageous; his rage heightened to an alarming degree of extravagance by the strong fumes of the liquor he had swallowed—' It is enough,' said he, ' my house and lands are departed: I will speak a word in favour of suicide. 'Tis all in vain! These flowers, these streams, these solitary shades, are nothing to me. I shall not offend the spirit of truth when I say, they are odious in my eyes. Sixty times has the sun performed his journey of a year since I was first struck with the beauty of his yellow rays. Could I be a

witness of sixty yet to come, would there be any thing new, or which I had not seen before? It is high time we should intrude ourselves into the invisible abodes when all things satiate and grow stale upon us here below. I will this very night enclose myself in my wigwam, and, setting it on fire, depart with the thin vapor that shall arise from the dried wood of the forest, when piled around me.—No no,' continued he, tasting the remains of his cider, 'there is nothing new; all is old and stale, and insipid!' At this instant an Indian trader alighted at the door. He appeared to have come a considerable distance, and now proffered to barter a keg of French brandy for some beaver skins he saw hanging on a post—'French brandy!' cried Tomo-cheeki, 'that must be something *new*!' 'It is surely such,' replied the wandering trader, 'at least in this remote wilderness.'—'I will taste it by Heaven,' said the Indian. 'But will it not prove the falsehood of your position and assertion,' interrupted I, 'that there is nothing new under the sun? To him that exists through all ages nothing can be strange or novel; with the transitory race of men, the case is wholly different. Art and nature are combined in perpetually composing new forms and substances for his use and amusement on the ocean of life.'

“ ‘ The Divinity himself must surely reside in that precious liquor!’ exclaimed the Indian, after tasting it a second time, ‘ take all my skins and furs; and when the the dawn of the morning appears, return home, stranger, and bring a fresh supply of this celestial beverage. My existence had indeed begun to be a burden: I was meditating to extricate myself by the shortest method. I have now learned wisdom, and am convinced, that it is variety alone that can make life desirable.’ ”

The preceding narrative gives so perfect a view of heathen *morality*, and the frame of mind built on such a basis, together with the conduct it produces, that we think a more characteristic picture cannot be presented to us.

## 6.

### “ *Calumet of peace.* ”

“ The pipe of peace, which is termed by them the calumet, for what reason I could never learn, is about four feet long. The bowl of it is made of red marble, and the stem of a light wood, curiously painted with hieroglyphics in various colours, and adorned with feathers of the most beautiful birds: but it is not in my power to convey an idea of the various tints and pleasing

ornaments of this much esteemed Indian implement.—*Lewis & Clarke.*

## 7.

*“ Bade a slave.”*

The boys and girls (prisoners) are taken into the families of such as have need of them, and are considered as slaves ; and it is not uncommon that they are sold in the same capacity to the American traders who come among them.

## 8.

*“ Many moons.”*

“ They make no division of weeks ; but days they count by sleeps, half days by pointing to the sun at noon, and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun ; to express which in their traditions they make use of very significant hieroglyphics.”—

*New Travels, &c.*

## 9.

*“ Scalps upon our war-clubs.”*

“ Each warrior cuts the number of scalps he has taken on his war club, and distinguishes the sex by certain marks. Several of these clubs and other Indian trophies taken

from famous chiefs in former wars, are deposited in the Philadelphia Museum. On one war club I counted *five* fatal proofs of the savage who owned the weapon having butchered as many women!"—

*Priest's Travels in America.*

10.

*"Fast as many sleeps."*

"The Indians do not fast as some other nations do, on the richest and most luxurious food, but totally abstain from every kind, either victuals or drink; and such is their patience and resolution, that the most extreme thirst could not induce them to taste a single drop of water,—yet amidst this severe abstinence they appear cheerful and happy."—

*New Travels.*

11.

*"Manitous."*

"These Manitous, as they are called by some nations, but which are termed Wakons, that is, spirits, by the Naudowessies, are nothing more than the Otter and Martin skins I have already described, for which however they have a great veneration."

12.

*"War dance."*

"The Indians have several kinds of dances, which they use on different occasions, as the

pipe or calumet dance, the war dance, the marriage dance, and the dance of the sacrifice. The movements in every one of these are dissimilar; but it is almost impossible to convey an idea of the points in which they differ.”—*Lewis & Clarke.*

## 13.

“ *Frogs.* ”

“ There be also store of frogs which in the spring time will chirp, and whistle like birds; there be also toads, that will creep to the top of trees and sit there croaking to the wonderment of strangers.

“ To a stranger walking for the first time in these woods during the summer, this appears the land of enchantment: he hears a thousand noises, without being able to discern from whence, or from what animal they proceed, but which are in fact the discordant notes of five different species of frogs.

“ I have been informed by an *amateur* who resided many years in this country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions, the treble is performed by the tree-frogs, the smallest and most *beautiful* species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp

of a cricket—the next in size are our counter tenors; they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor; and the under part is supported by the *bull-frogs*; which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the bass in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name.”—*Priest*.

## 14.

“ *Women.* ”

“ It is not uncommon, while the men carry nothing but a gun, that their wives and daughters follow with such weighty burdens, that if they lay them down they cannot replace them, and that is a kindness which the men will not deign to perform; so that during their journies they are frequently obliged to lean against a tree for a small portion of temporary relief. When they arrive at the place which their tyrants have chosen for their encampments, they arrange the whole in a few minutes, by forming a curve of poles, meeting at the top, and expanding into circles of twelve or fifteen feet diameter at the bottom, covered with dressed skins of the moose sewed together. During these preparations the men sit down quietly to the enjoyment of their pipes, if they happen to have any tobacco. But notwithstanding this abject



state of slavery and submission, the women have a considerable influence on the opinions of the men in every thing except their own domestic situation.”—*Mackenzie*.

## 15.

“ *Wampum belt.* ”

“ The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt of wampum. “ Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *Briccinum*, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians.”—*History of the five Indian Nations*.

“ A belt of wampum is also given on this occasion, which serves as a ratification of the peace, and records to the latest posterity, by the hieroglyphics into which the beads are formed, every stipulated article in the treaty. These belts are made of shells found on the coasts of New England and Virginia, which are sawed out into beads of an oblong form, about a quarter of an inch long, and round like other beads. Being strung on leathern strings, and several of them sewed neatly together with fine sinewy threads, they compose what is called a belt of wampum. The

shells are generally of two colours, some white and some violet; but the latter are more highly esteemed than the former: they are held in as much estimation by the Indians, as gold, silver, or precious stones by the Americans."—*New Travels*.

## 16.

*" A slow crawling toad."*

These toads are mentioned by travellers, and appear to be of a peculiar description. See the preceding note 13.

---

- The following history of a converted Indian Chief is highly interesting. Skenandon may be held up as a contrast to Tomo-cheeki, and the comparison be dwelt on to great advantage.

This account has been extracted from an American paper. "Died at his residence near Oneida Castle, on Monday 11th of March, Skenandon, the celebrated Oneida Chief, aged 110 years; well known in the wars which occurred while we were British Colonies, and in the contest which issued in our independence, as the undeviating friend of the people of the United States. He was very savage and addicted to drunkenness in

his youth,\* but by his own reflections, and the benevolent instructions of the late Mr. Kirkland, Missionary to his tribe, he lived a reformed man for more than sixty years, and died in Christian hope. From attachment to Mr. Kirkland, he had always expressed a strong desire to be buried near his Minister and his Father, that he might, to use his own expression, 'go up with him at the great resurrection.' At the approach of death, after listening to the prayers which were read at his bed side by his great-grand-daughter, he again repeated this request. Accordingly the family of Mr. Kirkland, having received information by a runner, that Skenandon was dead, in compliance with a previous promise, sent assistance to the Indians that the corpse might be conveyed to the village of Clinton for burial. Divine service was attended at the Meeting House in Clinton. An address was made to the Indians by the Rev. Doctor Back, as President of Hamilton College; which was interpreted by Judge Dean of

---

\* In the year 1755, Skenandon was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk; and in the morning found himself in the street stripped of all his ornaments and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved that he would never again deliver himself over to the power of "strong water."

Westmoreland. Prayer was then offered, and appropriate psalms sung. After service, the concourse which had assembled from respect to the deceased chief, from the singularity of the occasion moved to the grave in the following order :—

Students of Hamilton College,  
Corpse,  
Indians,  
Mrs. Kirkland and family,  
Judge Dean, Rev. Mr. Ayer,  
Officers of Hamilton College,  
Citizens.

“ After interment, the only surviving son of the deceased, self-moved, returned thanks through Judge Dean, as interpreter, to the people for the respect shewn to his father on the occasion, and to Mrs. Kirkland and family for their kind and friendly attentions. Skennandon's person was tall and brawny, but well made : his countenance was intelligent, and beamed with all the indigenous dignity of an Indian Chief. In his youth he was a brave and intrepid warrior, and in his riper years one of the ablest counsellors among the North American tribes. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind ; and though terrible as the Tornado in war, he was bland and mild as the zephyr in peace. With the cunning of the fox, the hungry perseverance

of the wolf, and the agility of the mountain cat, he watched and repelled Canadian invasions. His vigilance once preserved from massacre the inhabitants of the infant settlement of German-flats. His influence brought his tribe to our assistance in the war of the Revolution. How many of the living and the dead have been saved from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, by his friendly aid is not known; but individuals and villages have expressed gratitude for his benevolent interpositions; and among the Indian tribes, he was distinguished by appellation of the "White man's friend."—Although he could speak but little English, and his extreme old age was blind, yet his company was sought. In conversation he was highly decorous, evincing that he had profited by seeing civilized and polished society, and by mingling with good company in his better days. To a friend that called on him a short time since, he thus expressed himself by an interpreter.

" ' I am an aged hemlock—the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me: why I live the great good spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus, that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die.' "

“Honoured Chief! his prayer was answered! he was cheerful and resigned to the last. For several years he kept his dress for the grave prepared. Once, and again, and again, he came to Clinton to die, longing that his soul might be with Christ, and his body in the ‘narrow house,’ near his beloved Christian Teacher. While the ambitious look principally to sculptured monuments, and to niches in the temple of earthly fame, Skenandon, in the spirit of the only real nobility, stood with his loins girded, ‘waiting the coming of the Lord.’ ”

It has been observed by some Europeans, with what justice we know not, that the converted Indians, or rather *professed* converts, scattered among the tribes which border our American territories, are invariably worthless and dissolute characters. If they be so, the cause is obvious: they have changed the name of their persuasion as a matter of convenience, or indifference; and have never been taught what the term *Christian* exacts. Unfortunately, we know too well that crime, and depravity, may harbour under that appellation, though they cancel all claim to it.

---

London : Printed by C. Roworth,  
Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

---







